

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Richmond.

THE condition of affairs in the rebel capital is such as might be anticipated in view of the situation. It seems that the rebel Congress is working with barely a quorum, and the newspapers are calling on Gen. Lee to bring back the absconding legislators by force. Congress itself refuses leave of absence to a member who seeks it for a few days, on the pressing plea that it is necessary to remove his wife and family from the line of march of the "Vandal army"—meaning thereby that of Gen. Sherman. The refusal of some of the Senators from the Gulf States to support Gen. Lee's demand for negroes in the army is the occasion for an expression of bitterness almost equal to that bestowed on "Lincoln and his hordes." These States are told that, having cajoled and coerced the Border States into Secession, and brought upon them untold evils, the great Slaveocracy refuses to sacrifice its "precious nigger" to rescue the Confederacy from absolute ruin. "The compact between these States is broken," exclaims the *Richmond Sentinel*, in despair. The animosity between the two sections—there are already sections and "sectional feelings" in Dixie, where all were to be "a band of brothers"—will be largely intensified by the recent message of Gov. Brown of Georgia, in which he takes open ground against the employment of negroes in the army, notwithstanding Gen. Lee pronounces it "not only expedient but necessary." You "cannot expect negroes to fight for the enslavement of their wives and children" is the not irrational proposition of Gov. Brown. Nor

will he be regarded as deficient in logical sense when we find him proclaiming to his fellow-citizens, "when we arm the slaves, we abandon slavery." It is all very well for the representatives of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Virginia in the rebel Congress to assume theatrical airs, and express their willingness to give up slavery, in States where it is already dead, for the great boon of Southern independence. Further South it is slavery or

nothing. "Independence" and participation in a third-rate power is a small equivalent for the sacrifice of Sambo. So, within less than four years after the formation of its "indissoluble compact," the Confederacy is openly declared to be broken down, and a sectional antagonism has arisen within it quite as virulent as ever existed in what the rebels irreverently call "the old concern."

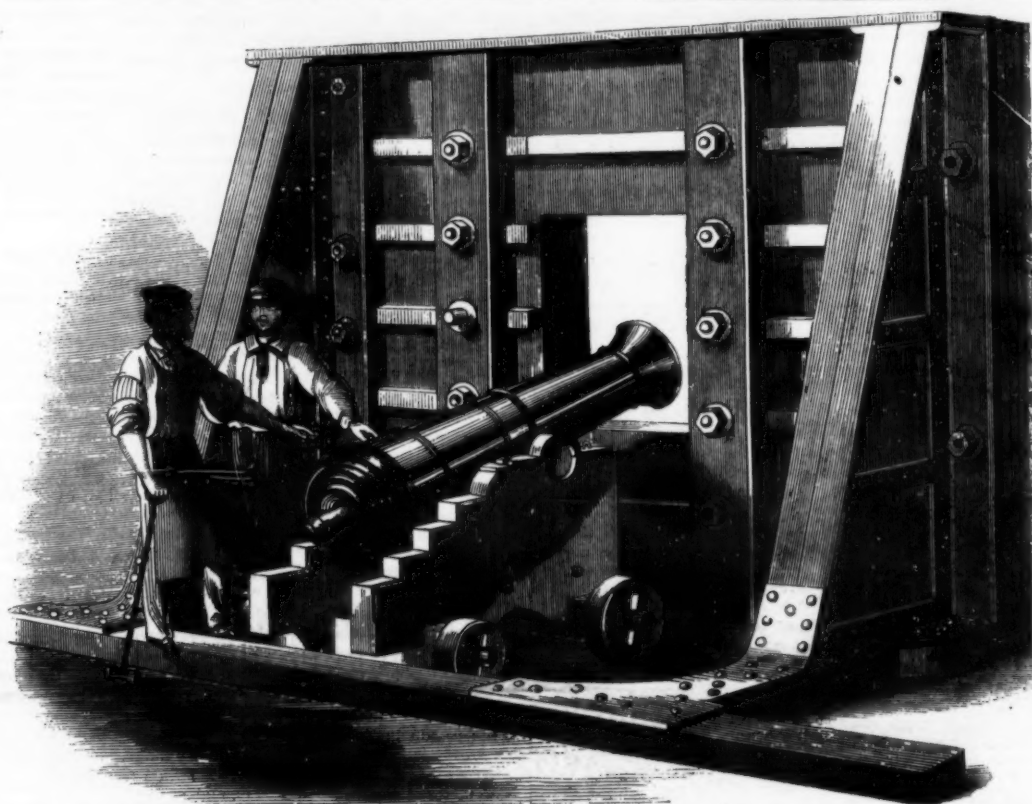
While the sectional feuds to which we allude

adrift, and its army withdrawn into the solitudes of the interior."

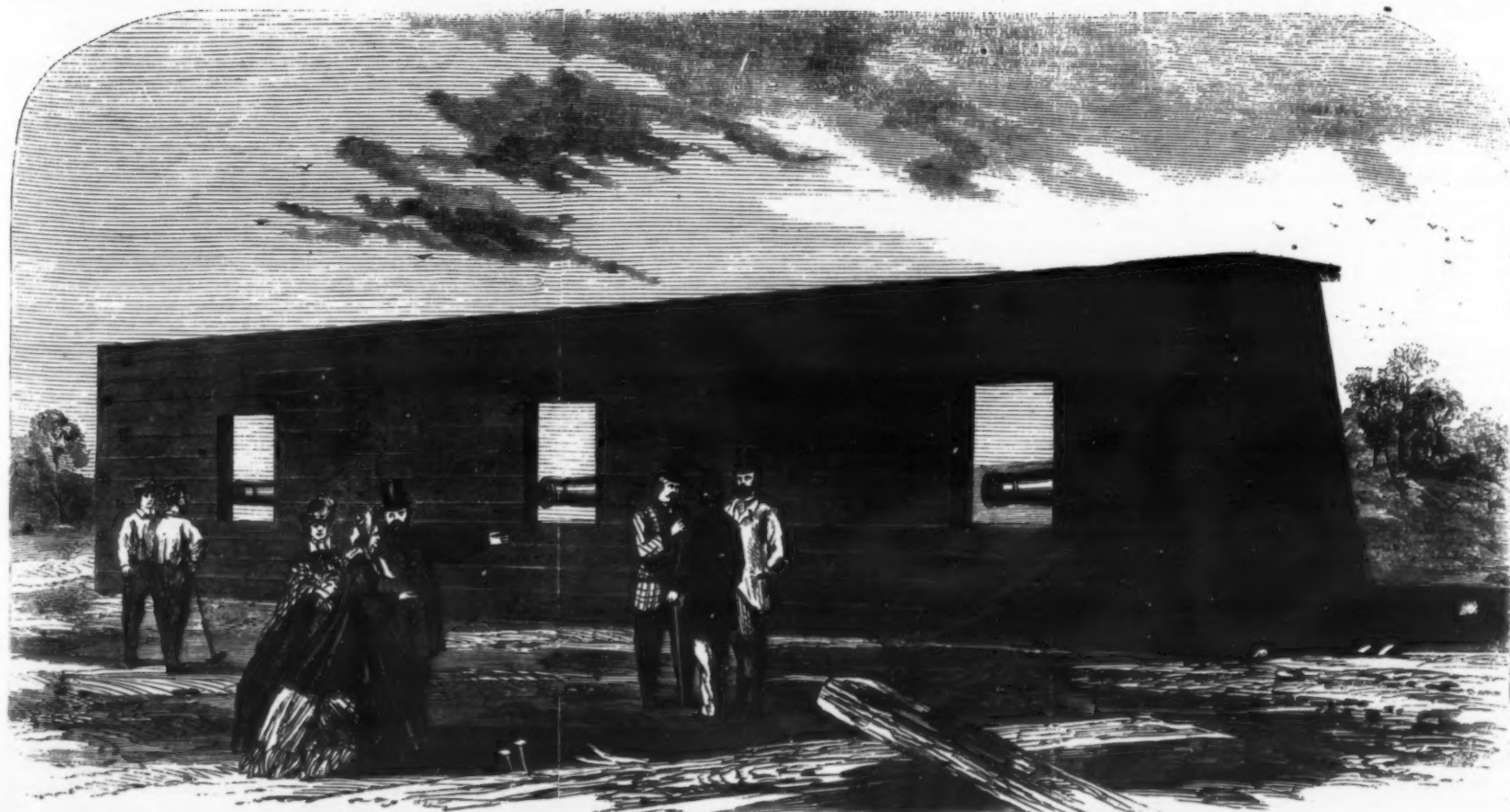
That the steps are in progress for the very movement, of such disastrous import, is evidenced from the article of the *Examiner* itself, and appears equally from the efforts of the other papers of the doomed city to quiet and soothe the public mind.

Thus the *Examiner* tries to disguise the significance of sending away machinery, guns,

are spreading and intensifying military affairs are coming to a crisis. Preparations are evidently making for the abandonment of Richmond. It may be another desperate struggle will be made for its defence; but if this is contemplated, it is without faith in its success. The Richmond papers, as well as the Richmond people, have taken the alarm, and the city is racked with apprehension. "The abandonment of Richmond," exclaims the *Examiner*, "would be the loss of all respect and authority towards the Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, speedily degenerate into an irregular contest, in which passion would have more to do than purpose; which would have no other object than the mere defence or present safety of those immediately persisting in it. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever. The common sense of the country, the instinct of every man and woman in the land contradicts the idea that any possibility of an independent South would remain after its capital was abandoned, its government set



BACK VIEW OF THE WROUGHT-IRON SHIELD, CONSTRUCTED AT THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS, LONDON, FOR THE CROSTADT FORTIFICATIONS.



FRONT VIEW OF THE WROUGHT-IRON SHIELD, CONSTRUCTED AT THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS, LONDON, FOR THE CROSTADT FORTIFICATIONS.—SEE PAGE 412.



and the archives of the Government from the city, as follows:

"The air is filled with alarming rumors; every fear has found a voice, and everything is open to the tale it tells. Measures of precaution are construed to presage disaster. When the wagons and sick are ordered to the rear it is inferred that the army is about to retreat. It is time to proclaim order in the ranks and give the reassuring command, 'Steady!' Let every man return to his post, and give all his energy to the performance of his duty, while he listens to the words of encouragement from the soldiers in the front. Regard all street rumors as the soldiers do those of the camp. They know that none of the latter are wholly true, and most of them entirely false."

The *Sentinel*, which is the mouthpiece of Davis, is compelled to admit the public disquiet, and tries its best to explain away the "precautionary measures" which have caused so great alarm:

"A great deal of causeless disquiet has been created in our city by some movements which are purely precautionary, but which have been greatly misunderstood or misrepresented. We make this statement on authority and by request, in order to relieve the minds of our people of gratuitous anxieties. Nothing has been done or contemplated but what an ordinary prudence enjoins, or with any purpose that every citizen here would not approve and applaud. There is no foundation for the stories on which some build panics, and which others may embrace for the indulgence of prejudices."

The significance of these paragraphs is sufficiently obvious without comment. The evacuation of Richmond is certainly contemplated as a measure of strategy, or as the probable necessary result of a battle. The events of the next ten days will tell.

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Yours respectfully,  
SAMUEL P. FISHER, of McLean, Ill.  
Formerly of Providence, R. I.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1865.

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During the present civil war, our Artists have been wherever any operations were in progress, and we can truly affirm that no military or naval expedition of any importance has been without an Artist of acknowledged ability and experience from this establishment. Generals in every section have, in numberless instances, voluntarily attested the spirit and fidelity of our sketches. This has been so well understood in Europe that they are constantly copied by the Illustrated Papers of London, Paris and Leipzig. This testimony to the superiority of our paper over all others has been gained at an immense outlay; over 80 Artists having been employed since the commencement of the war in making sketches for our pages.

The war correspondents of the public press are constantly referring to the presence and activity of our Special Artists—the latest instance being in the *New York Tribune*, who, in writing from Charleston, says, "There are now here two Artists of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, making sketches of all that is interesting," etc.

Nor is our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER less attractive in its other features. It is the only one of the kind in America whose contents are entirely original. Every number contains an original poem, beautifully illustrated, an original story, with two striking illustrations, besides shorter original stories, sketches, &c., with a complete digest of the week's news, &c. It likewise contains a continued romance of great power by one of the first of living writers.

Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper, as it is always next to impossible for us to supply back numbers.

Our friend the Peripatetic Philosopher, who sneers at us on account of our pretensions as "conservators of public morals," has pretensions equally extravagant, which he will not admit even to himself. He would feel offended if we were to intimate to him that he arrogates the character of the universal and infallible critic. Yet that is what he believes himself to be, unconsciously, perhaps, and it is in that capacity he impresses himself most on those who know him best. Now we don't object to him as a general critic, but we insist we shall be "conservators of public morals" after our own fashion. So we omit his "things personal," while we subscribe cordially to his comments on the great and growing Hog family.

"The Hog family is a large one in Shoddydom, the girls whereof you have gone crazy about—an absurd thing for a fellow of your years. Now I have no objection to Shoddy nor yet to Petroleum as elements in a social change. Anything to get rid of that venerable stupidity of New York, which grew up into stolid aristocracy by the sale of old cabbage gardens for building lots; but I want Shoddy and Petroleum to—well, I may as well say it plainly—keep its nose clean. Great numbers of their young male members look remarkably well since they have left off patronising Moses in Chatham street, and get their clothes, to measure, from respectable tailors in Broadway. But they should know that smoking cigars, albeit at a quarter a piece, on the crowded side of Broadway, is vulgar not to say indecent. It is a curious thing; I asked the names of a couple of young fellows whom my friend and I (my friend is president of a petroleum company) met fuming away like tar-kilns, the other afternoon, at high tide, in Broadway; I say it is a curious thing—he said their names were 'Hog.' We got into an omnibus soon after, and a rather dashing chap came in, slapped down the window, put his knee on the seat, and began to stare outside. A lady or a woman, it is all the same thing, entered, and the young gentleman never moved, although he occupied two seats, and forced her to wedge herself in on our side, where there was already a full compliment of passengers. 'Do you know that young man?' I whispered of my friend the petroleum president, whom I had noticed bowing to him. 'Oh, yes,' he replied 'he struck oil, got up a large company, and his name is Hog!' A day or two after, riding up in a Fourth Avenue car (it was a bad day and the car was jammed), when a portly man with a red face, and carrying, it may have been a child's coffin (I wish it had been his own), or a clock case or something of that sort, crowded himself aboard, his cargo knocking off one man's hat into the mud, and hitting me a stunning blow in the face. He never apologised, but used his head as a sort of battering-ram or catapult to clear a passage for himself. A gentleman inside, who had received a blow, exchanged some harsh words with the intruder, which ended in an exchange of defiant looks and cards. I leaned over to discover the address on that of the man with the catapult, and bang me if it wasn't 'Hog!' When the storm was pretty well over, I timidly asked him if his son was not in petroleum, and was not disappointed in learning that he was, and that his appropriate sire had got a 'trading permit' in Tennessee. I saw him the other evening at the charity ball, where both he and his son kept stepping high and treading on ladies' skirts, instead of keeping their feet close to the floor and sparing the frounces. However, it is easy to distinguish the Hogs anywhere."

We presume our friend the philosopher means, by the name he uses in characterising certain inconsiderate and vulgar people, that they are portly, of taste and conduct, and not that they really bear the patronymic of Hog. There have

been very reputable people of that name, as for instance the author of "Hogg's Tales."

THE rebellion is running the usual course of unnecessary and unsuccessful insurrections. Already split up in factions, a large portion of the more deeply compromised leaders are clamoring for a dictator, with absolute powers, who shall break over all fictions of State sovereignty, and deal at will with all kinds of property, slaves included. Says the *Richmond Enquirer* of Feb. 25th: "These States and their cause stand in need to-day of a dictator," and it calls strenuously on some one "to seize on power with a strong hand and use it for the public safety." This temper at the Capitol is met by a hostile feeling equally determined at the South, where Governor Brown in his message to the Georgia Legislature declares:

"Our Government is now a military despotism, drifting into anarchy, and if the present policy is persisted in it must terminate in reconstruction, with or without subjugation."

Here we have a demand for the exercise of more despotic powers on one hand, and an indignant and ominous protest against those already exercised on the other. While here all factions and parties have settled down into one great Union phalanx, in the South defection, faction and anarchy hold high carnival. In these facts the world reads the issue of the struggle in which we are engaged.

We had hoped that, with the expedition of Capt. Hall, we had had the last of Arctic Expeditions—the most unprofitable of enterprises, in which more life and money have been expended with less results than in any other field of research or adventure. But it seems that Capt. Sherrard Osborne of the British navy proposes a new expedition to the North Pole, to be fitted out with two steamers, and to occupy three summers and two winters. What commensurate return it is expected to be obtained for the proposed outlay and risk, we are not told, probably because it cannot be shown. So long as the question of a North-West passage was an open one, and there was a prospect of finding a comparatively short sailing route, available to commerce, between the North Atlantic and North Pacific, there was something plausible and rational in Arctic expeditions. That question definitely settled, however, and such scientific problems connected with the high latitudes of the continent arising incidentally disposed of, no good reason can be offered for prosecuting what are called "researches" any further. It is not of the slightest consequence if there be an open sea around the Pole or not, and the zeal, energy, endurance and money which are to be spent in determining, or attempting to determine, a good-for-nothing fact, might better be directed into fields capable of yielding practical and material as well as scientific results. Look at the region bordering on the upper waters of the great river Usumasinta in Central America, and which is absolutely unknown—a region of great material wealth undoubtedly, and certainly rich in its natural history, and occupied by a most interesting people, of whom we know next to nothing—the probable remnants of the people who built Palenque and the other Palmyras of Chiapas and Tabasco. Or look at the great terrestrial basin between the Andes and the Cordilleras of the Pacific in Peru and Bolivia. Here is a vast lake, that of Titicaca, discharging itself by a deep river into another, of which we know nothing except that it has no visible outlet. It remains to be explored and its position and form defined on our maps. What an interesting geographical problem is here to engage the attention of the curious, and give return for the money which would only be wasted among Arctic icebergs in pointless and profitless adventures.

We hardly comprehend the vastness of our present contest. A few illustrations from history may give us a better appreciation of it. As to the number engaged, the little State of Massachusetts has furnished more men in our present struggle than fought on both sides in the great English rebellion. It has sent more men into the field than Julius Caesar commanded to gain the empire of the world; more than all the troops of Hellas put together, in the long struggle that rent her in pieces, when her sun went down in blood. The State of New York has equipped more soldiers than all the troops of Caesar and Pompey put together, though drawn from every province, from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules. The whole army of Cromwell would only serve as skirmishers, or as a detail for a "raid" from the army of Grant or Sherman. His great military fame was gained by managing 25,000 men; and its marches and evolutions were within an area half as extensive as the State of Virginia.

The battle of Marston Moor was the most obstinately contested between "the most numerous armies that were engaged during the course of these wars;" and in that battle, as Hume laments, 50,000 troops were led to mutual slaughter. Such was the price paid; the end achieved was free government for the English race everywhere.

THE *London Times* has a letter from Bombay, containing a striking picture of the effects of the impulse lately given to cotton culture in that part of the world, "the consequence of our civil war, which has set all the world busy in cotton production. It says: 'A new trade of fifty millions of pounds a-year, yielding unheard-of profits, has been poured into the western capital of India, and society has been almost overturned. Clerks have become millionaires in a single year. The canny Scotch houses, who have for 200 years been the prominent traders of the island, have suddenly risen to the pecuniary rank of the Barings and the Percies. The Parsees, those Jews of the far East, wealthy before, are growing great with a suddenness which has deranged even their cold

intellects. The limited space upon which they live has increased to three times the value of the richest blocks in the city of London, and companies formed to steal more land out of the sea sell their shares at 1,400 per cent. upon the amount subscribed. The tide of silver rolling through Bombay has finally poured itself over the cotton land, and the peasant, lately pauperised, finds himself suddenly rich beyond their dreams."

THE immense success of the popular loan is not without its effect on the rebel mind. We have all along taken the ground that patriotism as well as interest should impel both capitalists and laborers to subscribe to the full extent of their means. By the following from the *Richmond Examiner* it will be seen that the Confederates practically admit that the South will have to succumb if these subscriptions continue:

"The effort of the Yankees to sustain this explosive and inflated paper system has, so far, been marked by great ingenuity, resolution and success. Whether they will succeed in conquering the South depends in a great degree upon their continued success in upholding this paper system."

"VIRGINIA DARE," a statue, by Miss Louisa Lander, is attracting much attention in Boston. Virginia Dare was the first European born on this Continent; and when the earliest Virginian colony, planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, was swept away by the savages in 1587, this child was among the victims. The artist assumes the truth of the story that she was adopted by the aborigines, and that she grew to womanhood among them. The statue represents the young girl standing on the seashore, the water rippling about her feet, looking out over the ocean, her dim remembrance of the past striving with her fancy to picture her origin and her real relations to the beings about her.

THE great seal of the rebel States, the composition of which is by an English artist named Foley, contains, as a centre, a representation of the statue of Washington, executed by Crawford, and erected in Richmond. The figure is mounted and in uniform, as commanding in an engagement. It is surrounded by a wreath, composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil, as tobacco, rice, maize, cotton, wheat and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22d February, 1862. Deo Vindice." The seal is of silver, and its diameter is from three to four inches.

THERE appears to be as large an amount of carelessness on the part of the letter-writing community in this country as in Europe. The report of Postmaster Dennison shows that 3,580,325 dead letters were received during the past year—over 9,000 a day. Many of these letters contained money, deeds, bills of exchange, draughts, cheques, jewellery, and other valuables. Some of them were misdirected, others not directed at all, others unstamped, and others only partially directed. Thousands of these dead letters were returned to the writers, but the great majority had to be destroyed.

THE New York Medical College for Women held its Commencement Exercises in this city on the evening of the 1st inst. Diplomas were conferred on fifteen ladies, one of whom, Miss Alsbey, comes from Melbourne, Australia. Addresses were made by several distinguished men and leading reformers, among them, Dr. Beecher, who said:

"He did not believe that women could become better physicians than men, but they could become good physicians for the ordinary wants of society. All that was asked was that woman should have liberty to show what she could do. She was peculiarly qualified for the sick room. Let her study faithfully, practice patiently and skilfully, relying on hard work, long continued, and her efforts will be crowned with success."

A Savannah correspondent of a Boston paper speaks as follows of the remaining population of Savannah:

"I have visited the houses of the rich and sat down in the humble homes of the negroes and the equally mean houses of the poor whites, and have endeavored to ascertain the feelings of all. The poor whites here, as everywhere in the South, are inert and lifeless. Nothing stirs their ambition. They hover under the sunny sides of the buildings, visiting the city supply stand, to receive the contributions sent from New York and Boston. The war has taken out the best blood of that class. The bone and muscle of this element in society is decaying beneath the soil of Virginia, and what is left is the dregs of society. It never has been a controlling power, but has always been controlled by the aristocratic class, now deprived of its ancient power, and thinking not how to regain it but how to get out of the way of the colored man."

#### Summary of the War.

Since the commencement of the present rebellion there has been no week so devoid of military events. From Washington we learn that Gen. Sherman's advance corps has reached Fayetteville, N. C., and that the gunboats sent by Gen. Schofield had arrived at that point, which is about equidistant from Wilmington and Newbern.

It was reported through rebel sources that Gen. Sherman had burnt Columbia, in retaliation for the inhabitants firing upon the Union troops.

Gen. Johnston had assumed the command of the rebel forces in North and South Carolina, Gen. Beauregard being the second in command.

Gen. Canby had returned to New Orleans from a visit of inspection to Mobile bay and the adjacent points. Mobile was still in possession of the enemy.

The armies before Richmond and Petersburg remain quiet, the rains having put the roads into such a condition as to render military operations almost impossible.

#### SHENANDOAH.

Deserters and refugees from Lee's lines in front of Richmond state that on last Thursday, March 2d, Gen. Sheridan captured the rebel Gen. Early and nearly his whole force, consisting of 1,800



men, between Charlottesville and Staunton. Gen. Sheridan has taken possession of both Charlottesville and Staunton. When last heard from he was at the latter place, en route, as supposed, for the important rebel town of Lynchburg, to which additional forces had been sent from Richmond to oppose him. Gen. Sheridan commenced his movement on last Monday, and during his active operations in the field Gen. Hancock will be in command of the Middle Military Department, with headquarters at Winchester, Va.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The capture in North Carolina of the entire brigade of the rebel Gen. Haygood, with the exception of one battalion, is announced by the Raleigh (N. C.) Journal. Haygood's brigade belonged to Hoke's division, and constituted a portion of the rebel force defending Wilmington till the enemy was forced to abandon that place. Neither the time nor the precise locality of the capture is given; but it is said to have occurred on the west side of Cape Fear river.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A NEW YORK DETECTIVE. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A collection of short narratives, full of adventure and excitement, purporting to be from the police records, and "edited" by Dr. John B. Williams. The sort of book that always sells.

MESSES. BEADLE & Co., of this city, announce a series of short original novels or stories, to be exclusively American in Authorship, and solicit, by circular, the opinion of the press on their plan. All we have to say is, that it is a good one. We have been doing the thing which they propose for several years in this paper, in which hardly anything appears that is not original and American. We shall continue to solicit and pay for good American stories.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—Fort Sumter was found by our forces to mount nine guns, four columbiads and five howitzers.

—Emerson Etheridge has written a letter to the Washington papers, stating that Mr. O'Leary, the door-keeper of the White House, was in the habit of receiving bribes to facilitate interviews with the President. An inquiry was made and he has been dismissed.

—The New Jersey Legislative Assembly has refused, by a tie vote, to ratify the abolition amendment of the Federal Constitution.

—Ten years ago W. H. Seward was called a visionary for saying that Slavery must disappear from this continent, and that very probably he might live to see it.

—It is proposed to establish an overland camel line between the Missouri frontier and the State of California, by way of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado.

—The effect of the war upon the population can be seen in the decrease of polls in Massachusetts during the past five years, as shown by the report of the Valuation Committee. According to this report the number of polls in Massachusetts in 1865 is 279,310. In 1860 the number was 297,223; decrease, 17,912.

—An amendment to the Constitution of West Virginia has passed the Senate, and was certain to pass the House, disfranchising all the citizens of that State who had taken part in the rebellion.

—The Historical Society of Savannah has been reorganized by the choice of the following officers: President, Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, D.D.; 1st Vice-President, John Stoddard; 2d Vice-President, Hon. Solomon Cohen; Corresponding Secretary, Hon. C. O. Jones, jun.; Recording Secretary, Easton Yonge; Treasurer, W. S. Bogart; Librarian, J. F. Cann.

—The army hospitals in Philadelphia have 18,740 beds. Last year 50,000 patients were treated, and the number remaining, Dec. 31, was 12,417.

—Gen. Hooker recently wrote to the ladies engaged in getting up the Chicago Sanitary Fair: "While Europe during the Crimean war produced but one Florence Nightingale, we of the young republic have such a goddess enshrined in almost every household."

—John D. Fox, in whose house and in connection with whose family modern spirit-rapping had its origin, recently died in Wayne county, New York, aged 76 years. Though his daughters became famous as apostles of the new creed, the father never became a believer in spiritualism, but lived and died in the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—The Tauntonian who vowed to remain unshorn until the old flag should be restored to Fort Sumter has now been relieved of his four years' beard.

—The Nashville Union is informed that there are upwards of 100,000 bales of cotton, purchased by Government agents, now lying in the enemy's lines and waiting shipment by those who control it.

—Col. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, has been made a Brigadier-General. He is a grandson of President Harrison.

—Sunday seems a lucky day for capturing forts in North Carolina. Fort Fisher fell on Sunday, Jan. 15th, carrying with it its full Fort Caswell and all the works at the mouth of Cape Fear river. Just six weeks from that day Fort Anderson yielded to the combined attack of the army and navy, and the river was opened to Wilmington.

—A novel religious service was held on the 2d of March, in Trinity Chapel, 35th street, being the celebration, by a Russian priest, of the "Divine Liturgy of the Orthodox Oriental Church." The service was in commemoration of the anniversary of the coronation of Alexander II., the present Czar, and from the present aspect of diplomatic and religious affairs between Russia and the United States the occasion possessed important political and religious significance. This was the first public worship in the form of the Russo-Greek Church in this country.

**Southern.**—The New York Herald correspondent and the Richmond Sentinel both ascribe the catastrophe at Wilmington railroad station, Charleston, on the 18th Feb. to boys thoughtlessly throwing small portions of gunpowder upon the burning cotton to see it blaze in the air, this communicated to a large quantity of powder stored away, and the whole exploded with terrible effect.

—The special correspondence of the Philadelphia Press says that some rebel officers recently took two colored Union soldiers they had captured into a wood, and then amused themselves by firing at them as they would a target.

—The Richmond editors are very emphatic in their editorials respecting the presumed or probable abandonment of Richmond, and is especially severe upon J. F. Davis and Judah Benjamin for their recent speeches, in which they both took up the ground that even the abandonment of Richmond would not materially affect the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. The Examiner says: "Let not this fatal error be harbored till it takes root in the imagination. The evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority towards the Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, speedily degenerate into an irregular contest, in which passion would have more to do than purpose; which

would have no other object than the mere defence or present safety of those immediately persisting in it. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever. The common sense of the country, the instinct of every man and woman in the land, contradicts the idea that any possibility of an independent South would remain after its capital was abandoned, its Government set aside, and its army withdrawn into the solitude of the interior." The Enquirer has a most bitter article, denouncing the Congressmen, who have been abandoning Richmond "one by one, till now few remain." It adds that Gen. Lee demands their return, and if they will not come back it advises that a law shall be passed rendering them liable to the same punishment as deserters, viz., death. The Richmond Sentinel advises that every non-combatant be ordered to leave Richmond, except the Members of Congress and other officials, not because there is danger of the city being captured, but to save provisions, and to leave more space for the heroic defenders.

—As though by a curious retribution, the troops who first marched into Charleston were a colored regiment, and shortly afterwards a Massachusetts regiment entered singing the well-known song of "John Brown's Body" as moldering in the grave.

**Military.**—Since the 15th day of last Dec. our captures of artillery from the rebellion, field and siege pieces, brass, iron and steel, smooth bores and rifles, American and English manufacture, of all sorts and sizes, from the little howitzer of a flying cavalry squadron to the ponderous, mahogany-mounted Armstrong guns of Forts Fisher and Caswell, have been about as follows:

	Guns Captured.
By Gen. Thomas from the rebel Gen. Hood in the late Nashville campaign	60
By Gen. Sherman at Savannah	160
By Gen. Terry and Schofield and Admiral Porter at Cape Fear river defenses	178
By Gen. Gillmore at Charleston	450
Total	848

Nor is this all, for including the cannon lost by the enemy in the blowing up of their fortifications in the Savannah river, Charleston harbor and Cape Fear river, their aggregate losses are something over 900 cannon.

**Persons.**—The will of the late James W. Wallack has been admitted to probate in the Surrogate's Court in this city. It divides his estate between his two sons, John Lester Wallack, the actor, and Captain Henry Wallack, of the British army, the theatre being included in the portion of the former.

—Stephen Massett, "Jeemes Pipes of Pipeville," is "tramping" through Connecticut, giving his entertainments. He is reading with great effect, "The Vagabonds," "Beautiful Snow," etc. If we were to judge by what the "rural press" says, he has met with a great success.

—Miss Harriet Lane, the former lady of the White House, is now in Washington, on a visit to Madame Berghman, wife of the Minister from Belgium.

—The two sons of Burns, the poet, are colonels in the British army. Their ages are 71 and 73.

—The rebel Congressman Foote, before he sailed for Europe, said to an old New York political friend of his, that at a secret session of the rebel Congress it was acknowledged that the war for independence was a failure.

—Female lecturers are on the increase. Miss Emma Hardinge has announced a lecture at the Cooper Institute, called "A Voice to the American People."

—Gail Hamilton, whom the London Times treats as a gentleman, is a lady named Abigail Hamilton.

—Major-Gens. Crook and Kelly, who were recently captured at Cumberland by a rebel force, have been committed to Libby prison, Richmond.

—Gen. McClellan, during his stay in England, was invited to a grand dinner at Claremont, where he met the entire Orleans family, numbering 22 persons.

**Obituary.**—Cardinal Wiseman died in London on the 15th of Feb., after a long illness, borne with great fortitude. He was born in Spain, of English parents, but had resided in England the greater part of his life. He was a man of great learning and moderation.

—Hon. Eli Cook died Feb. 27. He was born 1814. He was the leading criminal lawyer of New York, and had been in partnership with Judge Davis and the rebel Gen. Buckner. He was an active politician.

—Canadian papers announce the death of the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, in Montreal, in his 78th year. He was born in the North of England, and went to Canada in his 13th year. He was a good man, an influential politician and an honorable merchant.

—The Italian journals announce the death of the poet Felice Romani, author of the libretti of Norma and Sembrambula.

—Gov. William Cannon, of Delaware, died 1st of March, after a short illness. The last act of his public career was a letter to the Delaware Legislature, urging the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

—Col. Nicholas Smith, died at Utica, N. Y., on Feb. 26, at the age of 87. He was the oldest inhabitant, having been a resident of the place 16 years longer than any person known. His father and mother were scalped and murdered by the Indians. He moved with his uncle to Utica in 1786, and lived four months in a hut made of the branches of trees, while their house was being constructed—the house being the first frame building put up in Utica. He served in the war of 1812.

**Foreign.**—Mr. Henry Coleman, Blondie's treasurer, came up in the London Bankruptcy Court late yesterday. He owes Blondie \$60,000, which the latter had lent him. Blondie's real name is Jean Francois Graviolet.

—The Great Eastern will be ready with the entire Atlantic cable on the 1st of June.

—A magistrate in Shropshire, England, recently sent two laborers to prison for seven days, for refusing to go to church when ordered to do so by their employer.

—Mormonism is spreading in Scotland. There are now in that faith 67 elders, 36 priests, and 15 deacons—66 persons were shipped to America during the present year.

—Frescott is singing in Paris with considerable talent.

—England has as many jumpers as electors.

—Red hair in Paris brings \$2 a knot.

—Dundee's Southern has cleared over £20,000 sterling by his acting in Great Britain.

—A man has lately been executed at Odessa who had committed 22 murders.

—The War Minister of Turkey has requested our Government to let him have some specimens of our Dahlgren guns and Berdan rifles.

—A boy of 12 years lately committed suicide in London, because he had lost all his marbles! They were his boy's fortune.

—The Empress Eugenie wore, at the last grand ball at the Tuilleries, diamonds worth nearly \$4,000,000.

—Spain is about recognizing the new Kingdom of Italy. The relations between the Papal Court and the Spanish Ministry are not at all cordial. Hitherto they have always been on the best of terms.

—The Empress Eugenie has just lost a lawsuit which has been in progress for several years in the Supreme Court of Madrid. The Empress claimed the countess-ship of Miranda and the vast estates attached to that ancient title, her right to which has been successfully disputed by the Malpica family.

—The Pope intends to create a new department in the museum of the Vatican, to be entirely devoted to bronze statues.

—The Journal du Havre says: "The marriage of Mademoiselle Patti with a Russian gentleman has been announced. This alliance, which is to take place at an

early day, will eventuate in the loss of that celebrated contralto to the stage."

—The finder of the recently discovered statue of Hercules, at Rome, presented it to the Pope, who allotted him a pension of 2,500 crowns, and presented him with a gold snuff-box, in which was not snuff, but 1,000 gold crowns enveloped in a title deed, confirming the title of Marquis on himself and his descendants.

—A new periodical is to be published at Rome, to be called the Journal of the Immaculate Conception; and as a premium to subscribers a month's indulgence is promised.

—There is to be another Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867. Prince Napoleon will be at the head of it. A new structure will be built, probably on the Champ-de-Mars; that now existing on the Champs Elysees, and used for the exhibition of 1855, being deemed too small.

—The oil wells in Burmah, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of 800,000 barrels per annum at least 100 years, amounting during that period to about 80,000,000 barrels English measure; these, if arranged as previously stated, would form a continuous line of oil barrels 27,300 miles long. Oil wells also exist in Persia, and it is said have lately been discovered near the Sea of Azof, while on the island of Samos they existed 500 years before the Christian era.

**Chit-Chat.**—The Press, in noticing the argument of the New York Independent in favor of women voting, suggests that the Independent should begin with the churches, which do not allow their women to vote yet.

—A Troy alderman got married the other day and had rather a thrilling time on his wedding tour. He was two days in getting to Buffalo on account of the snow, was in the American Hotel in that city when it burned down, and on his way to Chicago was thrown over an embankment 20 feet high by a railroad accident, badly bruising him and his new wife. The couple are now in Chicago, recovering from their injuries and getting courage to try the return trip. A country paper in quoting the above, adds: "How true it is that the way of the transgressor is hard!"

—A Philadelphia paper says the ladies of that city have introduced a new custom likely to be popular. They are sending anonymously to their gentlemen acquaintances small pies and tarts, enveloped in white tissue paper, like wedding cake. The meaning of this curious innovation is yet a mystery.

—Miss Bradon's "Doctor's Wife" has been translated into German under the title of "Frau Doctorin."

—It is stated that the first stage coach ever run in America was on the route from Boston, Mass., to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1661. It was drawn by two horses, and accommodated only three passengers.

—A question for the musical—Why is the letter "m" one of the chief causes of an appreciation of melody? Because without it music would make you sick.

—Petroleum Companies may advance their stock 10 per cent. on learning that the Pope has consented to allow the use of finely purified Petroleum oil for anointings in place of Olive oil.

—Mrs. Trelawney, created Countess de Besuregard by Louis Napoleon, but better known as Miss Howard, one of the most faithful friends of Taciturn the Third, has lately separated from her husband, Mr. Trelawney.

—Some very valuable old works have been discovered in the old convent of Mexico.

—In consequence of the high price of female attire, it is now the fashion to give calico balls in Maine.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

This important event took place on Saturday, the 4th of March, at the Capitol in Washington. In many respects it is the most emphatic ceremonial in the history of our republic, since it solemnly pledges the nation in the face of the world to restore the Union whatever the cost may be. Notwithstanding the showers of rain that fell the attendance was immense, and the procession of great magnitude and state. It formed on 16th street, near Pennsylvania avenue, shortly before eleven, and directly after commenced moving towards the Capitol. The military escort consisted of two regiments of the Invalid Corps, a squadron of cavalry, a battery of artillery, four companies of colored troops, and several bands of music. The line of march was decorated with flags, and the windows along the route were crowded with spectators, who manifested the utmost enthusiasm. The streets, however, were in a miserable condition, consequent on the rain of the morning, which slackened about eight o'clock, and entirely ceased about eleven. The procession was over a mile in length. The President was in the Capitol busily engaged in signing bills. A few minutes before twelve the official procession began to file into the Senate Chamber. First came the members of the Supreme Court; soon after Mr. Lincoln entered, accompanied by Vice-President Hamlin, the members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the army and navy. After Vice-President Hamlin had bidden farewell to the Senate as its presiding officer, the oath of office as Vice-President was then administered to Mr. Johnson, and the Senators elect of the 38th Congress were then sworn in, after which the official procession was formed and proceeded to the platform in front of the portico of the eastern face of the Capitol, where the ceremony of the inauguration of the President-Elect was concluded. The appearance of Mr. Lincoln was the signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiastic cheers. When this tumult subsided, the President stepped forward and delivered his inaugural address. At the conclusion of these proceedings the procession was reformed, and the President was escorted to the White House. It is estimated that over 30,000 persons were present, notwithstanding the depth of mud in which they were obliged to stand.

SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

TALKING about the Russians, a few words about their favorite manner of sleighing ought not to be uninteresting in this connection. They do not use horses, for the simple reason that their sleighing is confined to rapid descents and ascents of ice hills, upon which quadrupeds and bipeds could have no chance of figuring.

An authority on the subject furnishes the following description: Two strong wooden towers, about 50 feet high, are erected nearly opposite to but at a distance of several hundred feet from each other. A commodious flight of steps at the back of each leads to the summit, from which an inclined plane at the shortest possible angle, formed of immense blocks of ice, cemented together by water poured into the interstices, leads to the bottom or plane, which continues on a bed of similar blocks of ice, protected at the sides with little embankments of snow to the end of the ground. Parties thus descend one hill, and by the impetus acquired arrive rapidly at the end of the run, where they leave their sledges, which are carried by men employed for the purpose, to the top of the other tower, where they again launch off. To the uninitiated this is rather hazardous sport, and every beginner has to pay his footing at the expense of some severe falls; for the least deviation from the true line, particularly descending the slope, when the speed is terrific, sends the sledge and its occu-

pant headlong and whirling after each other in utter helplessness. The management of the sledge is, however, so simple that a few turns are sufficient to master it. The sledge is a slight framework of steel, about one foot high and three feet long, having a cushion on the top for the seat.

The rider places himself at the extremity, with his legs advanced before him, and his hands, protected by strong gloves, touching the ice on either side, but rather behind him. These act as the rudder, for the slightest touch is sufficient to regulate the direction of the sledge, even at its utmost speed. An adept takes charge of a lady, who sits between his legs, and away they dash. But I have seen some ladies kneel, and even stand on the sledge behind the gentlemen, and perform the descent without the slightest risk, although the speed cannot be less than 30 miles an hour. To the ladies this is a most agreeable and healthy resort, and the exercise is almost necessary, for the intense cold would render the ordinary recreation of walking hardly endurable. To make 30 descents it is necessary to mount 2,000 steps, being 50 for each tower, which is of itself a good day's work. The exciting sensation occasioned by the speed, and the uncontrolled headlong impetus of the sledge, will not admit of a description. It is, however, of that pleasurable nature that the anxiety to enjoy it is ever on the increase.

Among other amusements of the season, the English residents have started an ice boat, in which they make excursions to Cronstadt and other spots in the Gulf of Finland. In fact, the ice is traversed in all directions to these places by sledge; but an extraordinary lookout is kept, and little huts for the Custom House officers are thickly planted about to prevent smuggling. From this description we leave our readers to infer whether the Russian or American plan is the most agreeable. For our own part we prefer the American, as being more natural and more safe, though, perhaps, less exciting.

VOLTAIRE'S HEART.

The evening Moniteur gives the following account of the translation of the heart of Voltaire to the Bibliotheque Imperiale, which event has provoked commentaries of the most diverse kinds:

"When Voltaire died his heart, after a post-mortem examination, was extracted from his body on May 31, 1778, by order of the Marquis de Vilette, in whose house he died. The friend the admirer of the great writer desired to save his heart from the destruction which death occasions, and it was placed in a metallic vessel and steeped in a chemical preparation calculated to preserve it from decay. When, in the execution of the law of May 30, 1791, which enacted that 'the ashes of Voltaire should be transferred to the church of St. Genevieve, where they should receive the funeral honors due to great men,' the funeral procession of Voltaire passed through the streets of Paris on July 11 of the same year, a halt was made before the mansion of the Marquis de Vilette, situated at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and the Quai Voltaire, and the Moniteur of July 13 records the act that the reason for the pause was that Voltaire's heart was there. Shortly afterwards the heart was removed to the Chateau de Vilette, in the arondissement of Font Saint Maxence (Oise), where it ever since remained, and was kept with veneration.

"But the Marquis de Vilette, his widow, and his son are dead; and their heirs having considered it a duty to give up this relic to the state, M. Leon Duval, a member of the order of Advocates of the Imperial Court of Paris, having taken the Emperor's pleasure, his Majesty desired that a national asylum should be given in the Bibliotheque Imperiale to the heart of Voltaire, to the end that it may henceforth belong to France, pursuant to the intent of the law of May 30, 1791. In obedience to his Majesty's orders, on Friday last, the 16th of this month, M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, proceeded to the Bibliotheque Imperiale, and there, in the presence of the Administrator-General of the establishment, accompanied by members of the Consultative Committee, he received from the hands of M. Leon Duval the heart of Voltaire, inclosed in a recipient of gilt metal, on which is engraved these words:

*'Le cœur de Voltaire, mort à Paris le XXX Mai, MDCCXXVIII.'*

"The Minister declared that he took possession of this precious deposit, and ordered that it should be provisionally kept, with all the respect due to the mortal remains of this great man, in the best part of the Bibliotheque Imperiale—that is to say, the department of medals—until the time when the new works shall be sufficiently advanced to permit of its definitive installation between the departments of manuscripts and prints, on the first floor of the Rotunda, between the junction of the Rue de Richelieu and Neuve des Petites Champs, where a room is destined to receive not only the heart of Voltaire, but also the original statue by Houdon, the medals struck in his honor, and the manuscript correspondence and printed works of the immortal writer. *Proces verbal* (i.e. a written record) was at once drawn up of this delivery and reception."

**JOSEPH BONAPARTE AND THE CROWN OF MEXICO.**—It may not be forgotten that a member of the Bonaparte family was offered 40 years ago the crown of Mexico. The story is told by the Emperor himself in his sketch of Joseph, eldest brother of the first Napoleon: "While Joseph was living, as a philosopher, on the banks of the Delaware, thinking of nothing but of doing good to those around him, he received a proposal which surprised and touched him. A deputation of Mexicans came to him to place at his disposal the crown of Mexico. The Emperor of Mexico, Napoleon, answered the deputation nearly in these terms: 'I have borne two crowns, and I would not take a single step for a third. Nothing can be more flattering to me than to see men who, when I was in Madrid, refused to recognize my authority, come now in my exile to ask of me to put myself at their head. But I do not believe that the throne you wish to place on my make you happy; and every day I spend on the hospitable soil of the United States proves to me more and more the excellence of Republican institutions for America. Preserve them, then, as the precious gift of Providence. Put an end to your intestine quarrels; imitate the United States, and look out among your fellow-citizens for one more capable than I am to play the great part of Washington.'"

**EGYPTIAN COTTON.**—Advises from Egypt state that notwithstanding the reaction in the cotton market the prospects of the country continue steadily to improve, owing to the judicious exertions of the Viceroy for the development of its resources by all modern aid. Since Nubar Pasha has been appointed Minister of Public Works and Commerce, he has also had the railway under his control, and goods are now forwarded with rapidity—so much so, indeed, that the merchants complain that too much cotton is accumulating at Alexandria, where the large holders are waiting for better prices to realize. This latter circumstance accounts for the rate of exchange remaining higher than is usual at the present period of the year, the quotation now being 15 to 16%, so that not much gold is imported—a state of affairs expected to continue for some weeks, as the demand for bills will be considerable on account of large imports of all kinds having to be paid for as well as "unions" debts from Egypt to Europe having to be paid.

A WISCONSIN paper says that the oldest man in the world is now living in Caledonia, in that State. His name is Joseph Crele, and his age is 139 years. He was lived in Wisconsin more than a century, and was first married in New Orleans 109 years ago. Some years afterwards he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary War, he was employed in carrying letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. It is but a few years ago that he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired 80 years before.



## SCENES IN SAVANNAH, GA.

## Broad Street, etc.

We give in our present number some sketches of the streets of this beautiful city—for few Southern towns are equal the great seaport of Georgia, either in natural beauty of location or neatness of arrangement. The streets are very wide, but they are sandy and unpaved. At every corner is a public space, which might be called squares, were they not generally of an oval shape—these being planted with the Pride of India tree have a very pleasant look. The number of these squares is 24. Broad street has a grassy promenade in the middle, with carriage ways on either side. Many of the houses are very handsome, and built of brick. Liberty street is also a very handsome street. We present views of both Liberty and Broad streets.

## Contrabands on the March.

It was a most suggestive sight, the train of contrabands, who gathered as our army marched along, "like a black snowball," as the genial Mr. Osborne of the N. Y. Herald termed the conglomerated mass of humanity who had been suddenly converted from slaves to freemen by the mere echo of Sherman's tread. The shameless men who advocate so inhuman a system as slavery should have seen the wretched and yet jubilant groups of sable brotherhood as they dragged their wearied wives and little ones along with them. The oft expressed fallacy that they preferred slavery to freedom would have been "crushed to earth," as Bryant says error was, never to rise again. Helper, in that remarkable book, which, like the trumpet of Scripture, blew the walls of Jericho down, has truly said:

"It is not alone on account of the negroes that I bewail the curse of slavery, but also by reason of the degradation it has entailed upon the white race. As a white man myself, and as a former slaveowner, I denounce the system as entailing the most horrible results upon the superior race."

The American people have made up their minds upon the subject, and nothing can now restore the foul stain of slavery on this continent.

## The Hospital.

The hospital is a commodious building, and is now occupied by our sick and wounded soldiers. It is built in the usual low Southern style of architecture, but it is pleasantly situated, and well adapted for the purpose to which it is devoted. During the early period of the rebellion part of the building was used as a prison for Union troops, when the jail was insufficient. It is something in favor of the inhabitants of Savannah that we have no authentic account of any cruelties being practised upon the prisoners while they were in their charge. They have felt the benefit of this since they have been restored to the old flag.

## TAPPING A REBEL TELEGRAPH LINE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The sketch from which this incident was taken is sent us by Mr. Korte, a telegraph operator who acted as clerk to Gen. Grierson in his late raid from Memphis into Mississippi. While proceeding towards Egypt, on the line of the Mississippi Central Railroad, the practised operator could easily learn the intentions of the rebels, by attaching a pocket instrument to the telegraph wire, and reading off the message by the click. Some dispatches of a highly important character were thus neatly intercepted.

## MADMEN'S VAGARIES.

The London Times has recently reviewed the report of a Lunatic Asylum—we make room for one extract:

It requires great care and constant watchfulness to keep these men from instruments with which to injure the warders or each other. The most dangerous ground is carefully weeded of large stones, yet the man G., a short time back, persuaded his comrades to collect small pebbles, with which he filled the locks of the doors, so that the warders could not open them, while he and others used their forms as battering-rams to beat away the bars of the windows, and so succeeded in escaping into the court below.

Over the walls of this, however, they could not pass, and there, with characteristic imbecility, they submitted at once to the captivity which one or two warders reimposed upon them. Into the refractory wards of this "strong block" never less than three warders enter, so that, in case of any attack by which one should be struck down, there are always two left to grapple with the maniac. As an instance of the vigilance which has to be exercised over these, the most dangerous of the dangerous class of criminal lunatics, we may mention one story of the man F., who, though generally amiable enough, is on the whole a very dangerous man, and one subject to frequent and uncertain fits of homicidal madness. One day



SOUTH BROAD STREET, SAVANNAH, GA., LOOKING WEST FROM THE OLD CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TELEGRAPH OPERATOR TAPPING REBEL TELEGRAPH LINE NEAR EGYPT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. KORTE.



LIBERTY STREET, SAVANNAH, LOOKING WEST FROM THE U. S. BARRACKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

when Dr. Meyer was going his rounds, a patient told him, as they all will tell like children upon one another, that P. had got a knife. He had not seen it, but he was sure from his mutterings and other signs that P. had got it, and was likely to use it. This was alarming news of such a lunatic as P., so Dr. Meyer, with the warders, went at once to his cell.

"Mr. P.," said Dr. Meyer, "I am told you have got a knife."

P., of course, was utterly surprised at this intimation. Where could he get a knife? It was against the rules to have a knife, and he of course would never break them—not he. This was part of the persecution he had been subjected to throughout life. These lies came of being locked up with madmen, etc.

"Very well," said Dr. Meyer, "but at least you must let me search you; so come with me."

Away went P. with the doctor and warders to a refractory cell, where P. was stripped of all his clothes, a new suit given him, and the old ones searched. No knife was found. A fresh inquiry was made, and the information as to a knife in P.'s possession became clearer and more explicit still. So Dr. Meyer returned to P.'s cell, and told him that, after his examination of his clothes, he felt

quite sure that he had not a knife. "But still, Mr. P.," he added, "as every one reports to me that you have got a knife, and that is quite against the rules of the establishment, here in this refractory cell you will have to stay, without tobacco, until you find a knife. Think about it, therefore, if you know of any place where a knife may be found, and then let me know, for here you must remain until you do."

Of course, P. protested. It was very hard to be made answerable for the falsehoods of lunatics. How was it possible that, shut up there, he could find a knife? If Dr. Meyer would only tell him where they were kept, he would find a dozen cheerfully, but otherwise how could he? And so on, day by day, as Dr. Meyer came to see him.

A week thus passed away, and then P., becoming tired of his confinement, began to relax a little, and at last told Dr. Meyer that, if he would come alone to his cell, he would show him something—not a knife, of course—that they knew he had not got, but still there was something to be seen. To this most uninviting proposition Dr. Meyer of course declined to assent. Whatever Mr. P. had to show in his cell must be shown to Dr. Meyer accompanied by his warders. Upon this the negotiation again fell through, till nearly a fortnight elapsed, when at last P. sullenly gave in, and went with the warders and Dr. Meyer to his cell. Arrived here, P. removed the bed, and, kneeling down, took out carefully one of the planks in the boards, which fitted into its hole like a cork, and which when removed gave a little spot of access to the space between the floor and ceiling beneath. P. then produced from an obscure corner of his cell a piece of cotton, to which was attached a pin bent like a hook, and dropping this into a hole, he began a long and weary fishing to catch something, while Dr. Meyer and the warders stood patiently watching. At last P.'s efforts were successful, and he hooked up a thread of worsted through the hole, and then sat sullenly down upon the floor. That was all he had to show. Dr. Meyer, however, thought differently, and lifted out the thread through the hole, and lo! attached to it was a knife, pointed and sharpened to the keenness of a razor!

THE MOTIVES AND GROWTH OF WAR.—The law of war between nations—a law illustrated in every page of history—appears to be this: that wars are few or frequent in proportion to the destructive powers of the arms in use. When the club was the only weapon of attack and defence, there was no peace; every knave had his club, and club-law was universal. When the sword and buckler took its place, war came and went with the season. As soon as the harvest was over the Roman went out against his neighbor or his neighbor advanced against him. Gunpowder was a great peacemaker. If with that invention war became more destructive, it ceased to be the normal condition of mankind. It grew more and more terrible, more and more brief. Nations felt how great the loss must be of a collision, and statesmen began to ask themselves if the possible gain would equal the inevitable loss. No doubt, passion, ignorance, personal cupidity, often overleaped the bounds of reason, and plunged all Europe into horror; but the violence never failed to obtain the reproach of public opinion—the brand of history. No ruler, however powerful, can dispense with the moral support of public opinion; and hence, however warlike, the most passionate lover of war will hesitate long and resort to a thousand tricks, as Bonaparte always did, rather than appear as the open aggressor, the wilful shedder of blood.

Galignani's Messenger says that an apothecary at Nantes has just discovered, by the merest accident, that ammonia will put out fires. He happened to have about 70 litres of benzine in his cellar, and his boy, in going down carelessly with a light, had set fire to it. Assistance, long and speedily at hand, was poured into the cellar without producing any effect, when the apothecary himself took up a pail which was standing neglected in a corner, and emptied the contents into the cellar. To his astonishment the flames were quenched as if by magic, and upon examination he found that the pail, which belonged to his laboratory, had contained a quantity of liquid ammonia. The result is easy to explain on scientific principles, for ammonia, which consists of 81 parts of nitrogen and 18 of hydrogen, is easily decomposed by heat, and the nitrogen thus set free in the midst of a conflagration must infallibly put out the flames.





CONTRABANDS ACCOMPANYING THE LINE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

# THE LAST SCENE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

HERE she lieth, white and chill;  
Put your hand upon her brow;  
Still her heart is—very still,  
And she does not know you now.



Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,  
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;  
And the tears that you may shed  
Will not wake her—therefore, weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;  
Mourn—she mourned and died for you;  
Ah! too late we come to know  
What is false, and what is true.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

CHAPTER I.

"What is it, Olivia?"  
"What is what?" Olivia returned, in a petulant, evasive manner.

John Garth, who was a connection in the family, enough of a cousin to give him a certain cousinly privilege, bent forward and drew his finger down the great wrinkle that Olivia Ruthermayne had frowned into her fair forehead.

Olivia laughed a little at this indication, and, hesitating a moment, said, with a peculiar curving of the neck which belonged to all the Ruthermaynes:

"I've been so annoyed at the Fair rooms this morning."

"Eh, who annoyed you?" asked John.

She once again curved that white stately throat of hers, as she replied:

"Mrs. Lowndes would nominate that Miss Morrison, and actually managed it so that she will act specially with me on the committee—you know I was chosen last week as one of the committee—and what is more provoking than all, she stands with me at my table," emphasizing the "my" with a true Ruthermayne appropriation.

"Who is that Miss Morrison?"  
"Oh, don't you know? The daughter of a brewer, or baker, or candlestick-maker, something of that sort, who made a little fortune and bought Cliff Cottage of the Ludlows. Such a sacrilege—that lovely place falling out of those splendid Ludlows' hands into such people's possession as these Morrisons."

John Garth laughed. Then, in a good-humored, bantering tone:

"Olivia, do you know what calling our ancestor, Erastus Ruthermayne, followed? How John Garth's eyes twinkled here. "No? you don't know? It was an honest calling, Olivia. You remember the barber-surgeon who blotted the Newcome escutcheon; yes, and I dare say you laughed merrily over it. Well, Olivia, we certainly might paint a razor on our coat of arms if we choose—a razor without the scalpel, Olivia. So we are in a worse plight than the Newcomes. Fancy the gay tricolored pole woven in with the rest."

Olivia rose up statelier than ever, scarlet with passion, though her words came cold enough.

"Why do you wish to say such things, John? I think it worse than unkind such jesting."

"Olivia, I was not jesting."

"You don't mean that—"

"Yes; I do mean that our ancestor was a bar-

ber, Olivia. Thank heaven that he was a kind and honest gentleman, who followed an honest calling without shame, and did some good deeds in his day, for the family chronicle says: 'He was a God-fearing man, who gave unto the needy.'"

Olivia Ruthermayne burst into tears. She was not touched by the reminiscences of the departed Erastus's piety, but instead her haughty heart, which was brimful, like many another's, of pride and vanity, received a mortal thrust from this barber's long since rusty rapier.

John Garth, who had raised all this commotion by his untimely intelligence, looked remorseful now.

"I am a clumsy fellow," he thought. "I suppose she has a romantic sentiment about the question of ancestry; and I must needs suppose that she had the pitiful vanity of a snob."

And so, melted by these tears, he said, gently: "I dare say I have made a mistake in telling you, Olivia, in the way I did. I recognise as much as you that the poetic sentiment of fine ancestry is lawful and good; but what I fight against is the vanity that makes it a boast and a bulwark, because it is utterly futile to make it the one or the other, subject as we are to a Power who can make the descendants of a race what he pleases for His divine purposes. And if I spoke with 'malice intent,' Olivia, thinking you were viewing it un-

justly and narrowly, I am sure I beg you pardon."

Olivia glanced up through her tears in amazement at John Garth—gay John Garth—whom she had never heard talk in such serious strain before. She was mollified at being put, even by supposition, upon such heroic ground, and so the quarrel ended for the time, and Olivia listened in a softer



THE BLOT ON THE RUTHERMAYNE ESCUTCHEON.

mood to this gay John Garth's continued gravity of talk, and liked him better than she knew. And John, in this softer mood, found her more charming than ever, and reproached himself for his injustice to her. And all the while, out of sight, that one vulnerable spot of vanity was smarting as keenly as ever. If he had said to her:

"Olivia, the Ruthermaynes were a cruel race. They were harsh to their dependents, and faithless to women, through years of uninterrupted prosperity, for the Ruthermaynes have been from time immemorial, Olivia, the lords of the land," if he had said this to her, Olivia would have felt no shame. Rather, she would have gloried in the long line of Ruthermaynes, who had been lords of the land from time immemorial; and if she had thought of their cruelty, their faithlessness, it would have seemed only so much more the sign of their feudal origin, for she remembered

"How feudal barons, over sea and land,  
Fierce from their spoils, ruled with a mighty hand."

And as she thought, very likely, that handsome head of hers would have lifted itself a little higher than usual, and her step would have been statelier than ever with the burden of this dark old name upon her; whereas now, through her love for Governors and other grand personages, who had borne the patronymic of Ruthermayne, there was that vulgar tricolored emblem to thrust glaringly between the ancient shirt-ruffles, the powdered wigs, and the silver knee-buckles of the gentry. Alas! for the fair Olivia, the savor of the



JOHN GARTH AND OLIVIA RUTHERMAYNE.



pious Erastus's life was as gall and wormwood to her.

## CHAPTER II.

JOHN GARTH pushed patiently on through the crowd, with a view to but one thing for the moment—to find his way to the stall where his cousin Olivia had a place. He was standing wedged in between a knot of people, when at his ear almost some one said:

"There is Olivia Rutherfordmayne."

"Where?"

"Under the crossed flags, and she looks like a born princess."

John Garth, too, followed this direction, and saw Olivia speaking to the group before her with that gracious air that sat so well upon her, and made her look indeed like a born princess, for Olivia by nature had something sumptuous about her, from the Rutherfordmayne curve of the neck to the slender poise of her whole figure.

As he looked the speaker at his ear said again, in answer to some question:

"No, I have only a slight acquaintance with her, but she seems to me a royal creature. She comes of fine old stock, I am told; and she certainly does not belie it. I never meet her on the street but I want to say, as I raise my hat to her youth and loveliness: '*Noblesse oblige!*'"

Garth turned quickly to see this speaker, who spoke so loftily of Olivia. He recognised him as a quiet, middle-aged man, whose face he had seen now and then at a party, but more frequently consorting with men of letters and artists, where he seemed most at home. He knew him to be one whose opinions were valued; and he felt a thrill of satisfaction at his praise of Olivia. Yes, of course she was all this. What injustice he had done her last night! He had not waited to hear the whole. If he had, no doubt he should have found that "that Miss Morrison" was in herself an undesirable companion; some showy, loud-talking girl, whose manners were a warrant of her social breeding, and who was only made more obnoxious by the importance of money. And what haste he had been in to prove Olivia a snob. He could have asked her pardon now; and indeed if it was not on his lips, it was in the warm glance of his eyes, as he leaned over her table and greeted her. There were many lovely girls in that vicinity, but certainly Olivia was the queen of them all. There were the three Ludlows, and one or two whom he didn't know, but there was no Miss Morrison; and he felt quite relieved at this absence, for Olivia's sake. Olivia caught his glance as he stood thinking of her thus, and looking at her; and something in it made her color come; and she smiled a quick, involuntary smile of pleasure. Who was there like John Garth? If he loved her—at the half thought she drew in her breath, and exhaled it in a soft sigh of delight.

Some one else caught these glances—this smile and blush—and straightway:

"It will be a match between John Garth and Olivia Rutherfordmayne."

"Eh! who told you so?"

"I read it just now in their faces."

A laugh, and the talkers passed on; unaware that John Garth overheard. John Garth and another—a lady, who just then, unemployed in her stall, was binding up a trollei of laurel against the flagstaff at the end of the table. He saw she was regarding Olivia Rutherfordmayne with intent interest through the leaves of laurel. And presently her eyes came to him. She flushed as she found herself observed, and the momentary confusion made her lose hold upon the vine; it came tumbling about her head; and John Garth immediately offered the services she needed. Leaves and tendrils clung in her hair, and in the disentangling there would have been embarrassment if John had not taken it so easily, and the lady so simply. John himself wondered at the untroubled serenity that evinced itself in her manner. She was seemingly no more stirred than a child; and the face that lifted at last from its burden was cool and unflushed, and the "thank you" came quietly and naturally. It was a fair, pale, highbred looking face, and as he caught a second look at it, he decided that she was a Ludlow. She had the Ludlow expression, and just their trained self-possession.

"After all," he thought, "there is something in blood. A differently bred girl would have stammered and flushed, or giggled and fluttered, and made eyes at such a *contretemps*."

Behind the flag, as they stood, no one was much the wiser for this *contretemps*; certainly Olivia knew nothing of it, for when he turned the corner again she met him with: "Where have you been? I missed you," in her sweetest tone.

There was a charm about Olivia and her table that night; and he hovered near, watching her with curious questions at his heart. And once or twice, as before, he caught other eyes watching him; those calm, grave eyes of the unknown Ludlow. The expression haunted him, and riding home with Olivia, he asked about her.

"That pale girl, with the large melancholy eyes, and the highbred air, wasn't she a Ludlow?"

"Yes," answered Olivia, "own cousin to Ellinor Ludlow; but I didn't think her like them. She is pale, like Ellinor, and has large eyes, but I fancied her manner was fussy."

John thought of the cool face, the quiet air, under the falling laurel.

"And Miss Morrison?" he inquired.

"Oh, of course we meet amicably enough. She's a very nice sort of a girl in her way, I don't doubt; and after this is over I shall have no more to do with her, for we shall never come together in society."

A little of the princess royal air, but still it was not unkindly said, and Olivia had a better knowledge of the question than he had.

He bade her good-night, and as she entered the door, her head turned over her shoulder, her eyes, her lips smiling, he thought how much he admired her beyond any other woman.

For the two or three days following he did not see her; away on business, the fair ended without him, and the day he returned Olivia told him radiantly of its profits, and would he go down to the hall with her and help her out with those horrid last settlements?

He went down to the hall, now bare of its lovely furnishings, and altogether desolate; but for the fair occupants who formed the committee; and he helped Olivia with the "horrid accounts," and admired her patience, her gracious urbanity, to some who must have been distasteful to her; and wondered which of those loud-talking, loud-dressing girls was Miss Morrison; and contrasting them to Olivia, he said to himself: "*Noblesse oblige!*" and asked her pardon silently for his previous judgment. He was talking to Ellinor Ludlow, and looking at Olivia, when again he met the eyes of the Ludlow cousin regarding him speculatively.

"I knew your cousin at once the other night," he said, "from her resemblance to your family."

"Clarice? is it possible? We thought Clarice rather a black sheep among us," replied Ellinor, laughing. "She has such a dark brunette skin, you know, and we are all pale blondes."

"Dark—do you call her dark?" said Garth, in surprise.

She followed the direction of his eyes, and was enlightened.

"Oh, no, I don't call that lady dark, Mr. Garth. She isn't my cousin," and Ellinor laughed in amusement.

"Not your cousin? Who, then?"

"Miss Morrison."

John Garth had got a shock of electricity. He felt it to his finger's ends. "So much for my riper conclusions," he said to himself. "Blood tells, does it? Bah! John Garth. God bestows where he pleases, and confounds our straight lines."

He saw Olivia talking with Miss Morrison, noted the gracious politeness of his cousin, and was pleased.

"Olivia can tell a lady," he thought. "She has found this one out at last."

He drew nearer to them, and what do you think he heard? The little business arrangements pending between them in their capacity as committee were first settled, and Miss Morrison had been saying a few words concerning the success of the Fair, how pleasant it had been, etc., when Olivia, putting on her hand, put on her stateliest manner, and in a decisive sentence took formal leave of her official companion; bade her adieu as if their places were so far apart, or as if she designed to put them by this action so far apart that future juxtaposition was out of the question. John Garth's manly cheek blushed with shame; and a sense of humiliation and indignant anger rose up within him.

"So," he almost exclaimed aloud, "Olivia Rutherfordmayne's fine courtesy is insulting condescension sometimes."

He looked at Miss Morrison at this. The pale, delicate face had lost nothing of its calm, but there was a fire in the eyes, and a half scornful smile upon her lips, which evinced her understanding; but of too reticent and sensitive a nature to retort, she gave no other sign of hearing.

"Olivia's poor any day," thought Garth, glancing back again at his cousin, whose state had fallen somewhat at the proud disdainful silence which met her. John's temper was fully roused; one of his blood had done an ill deed, one of his blood should make amends. With this feeling he caught Ellinor Ludlow as she passed by him.

"Ellinor, give me an introduction to Miss Morrison."

Ellinor looked half-wonderingly at Olivia standing so near; she did not comprehend, and he did not explain, and in a moment she was saying:

"Mr. Garth wants to know you, Miss Morrison. Miss Morrison, Mr. Garth."

And John Garth began to talk cordially and genially, referring to their previous meeting, air and words declaring interest and deference as a gentleman can. And Olivia, looking on, partly comprehending, was stung with a sense of defeat and impotent passion. And Caroline Morrison, comprehending too, lifted such an appreciative glance to John Garth's face as more than repaid him for his shame and anger. All the fire had gone out of her eyes, and left a shadow as of tears, and the scorn of her mouth settled to sweetness as she responded to him. Eyes and mouth seemed to say, "I have found a gentleman."

It was not an agreeable going home for Olivia after this scene. As they went out into the street she tried a cool ignoring of the whole, putting on her simplest manner, and talking sweetly of an indifferent topic. But John Garth hated shame, hated any covering of the truth, and broke down her defences with a sharpness that startled her. But John was sore-hearted. He wanted so to believe her—not angelic—but truly noble and generous.

"Which side of your inheritance helped you tonight, Olivia? Was it the Rutherfordmayne noblesse that enabled you to fling a stone at Miss Morrison?"

Olivia was actually scared at his savage tone, but she braved him with a sneer which maddened him still farther.

"It was a blow fit for a base hand, not for yours, Olivia; and it has left a worse stain than Erastus Rutherfordmayne's razor."

"How absurdly angry you are, John; you don't understand the matter at all. I did a perfectly proper and simple thing. Miss Morrison and myself are in two entirely different circles. I was brought into contact with her here in a business connection, in this we were obliged to have a good deal to do with each other, and I knew that unless I took leave of her at the end in a simple business way, that I might be misunderstood and annoyed in future by being claimed as an acquaintance—such people are very apt to do so."

"Such people! What do you mean, Olivia? Do you mean that you have proved Miss Morrison

to be coarse and vulgar, and an unfit associate by that proof for any lady? No," not waiting for her to answer, but going on vehemently, "you have found her refined and delicate, and wellbred. Don't talk to me of sets and circles, Olivia; it is the most besotted, slavish talk under the sun, for what does it signify but that you are under the tyrannous rule of a certain number of persons, beyond which you dare not move. What a narrow and cowardly condition, to say the least! Olivia, there are no limits or laws to good society, but those of intelligence and refinement; if we lack the one, or outrage the other, we lose our claim."

Olivia here flamed into scarlet beneath the emphasis of his tone. She did not speak, and he went on:

"There is one whose genius you admire much, and whose right to judge of such a point you would scarcely question, who has said: 'Fine society is not exclusive, does not avoid, but all that does not belong to it drops away from it like water from a smooth statue.'"

There was a long pause following this, which neither broke. For Olivia, she had nothing to answer, and for John Garth, his wrath was spent, and only the sense of disappointment and humiliation left. When he lifted his hat to her and passed down the street, looking into his melancholy face, she knew what she had lost.

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was a crowd of gay company at the Cape. Olivia Rutherfordmayne and her "set" pronounced it a "mixed company," and held themselves aloof as was their wont. Clarence Rutherfordmayne, Olivia's brother, an idle, dissolute young fellow, who might have been a useful, brilliant man, if he had not abused his talents, voted the Rutherfordmayne "set" stupid and a bore.

"I know an artist and his sister here who is worth the whole lot of ye," he declared one night to Olivia, beating his hand upon the sofa arm, in irregular time to the band in the hall. "His name is Morrison. His father made a fortune in a brewhouse or something, and lets his boy follow his bent—he's just back from Italy—a trump of a fellow and knows how to paint; wish I did—wish I knew how to do anything," and the hand kept on beating the d-maak in that irregular movement, which was a common indication of Clarence Rutherfordmayne's state in the evening. It was such a usual thing, that Olivia had forgotten to remark it, was perhaps unconscious of it now.

He went on:

"The sister's a trump, too. There she goes, 'Livy—that girl in the purple dress and white flowers. Splendid girl!'"

John Garth, who was one of the group here, met Olivia's eyes, and felt that she colored.

"It's curious," he thought, "how things keep coming up. Life is just like a play." He thought so more than ever before the season was ended.

Olivia, sitting there, saw John Garth go sauntering down the room, and stop to talk with Caroline Morrison. Her name had not been spoken between them since that night last winter, but she knew that his acquaintance had not stopped at that night.

"John knows her, hey?" broke out Clarence, as he observed John's movement. "Hang it, I'd a great mind to—"

He did not finish his sentence, but pulled his moustache, and looked sullenly out of haggard eyes at the two. Olivia was not in the best humor.

"You'd a great mind to go and speak to her. Why don't you?" she asked scornfully.

He laughed a grating laugh.

"I'm not in the best trim now, 'Livy. It is only the Rutherfordmayne set who appreciate me in the evening."

Olivia woke up to the truth, at the sneer.

"You ought to be ashamed, Clarence!" she exclaimed, angrily. He laughed again, then got up and went out, with a heavy lounging step. John Garth, across the room, talking to Caroline Morrison, shuddered, as he noted him.

"But for that vice he might be a man, for he has gallant qualities," he said to his companion. "What led him to it?" she asked.

John shuddered again, but he did not answer her.

What led him? It was part of his inheritance—part of the Rutherfordmayne blood, of which Olivia was so proud. John Garth could not help seeing as the days went by, that Clarence Rutherfordmayne sought the Morrises with evident pleasure; but it was always of mornings, when his brain was the clearest, and his breath untainted. On one of these mornings he said to John as they sat smoking:

"John, could you ever imagine me a reformed man?"

It was a strange question, and before John could answer it, he went on.

"I've a mind to try, John; with the infernal habit that I have, it would be hard work—I know something about it, but"—At this moment Caroline Morrison in her pure white morning-robe passed them; he lifted his hat to her, and finished his sentence—"it might be worth while."

In an instant, Garth knew what was in his mind; what had aroused him to this idea of reform. He regarded him with new interest. Certainly as he sat there now, clear-brained and pure-breathed, a woman might love him, for he was genial, generous and full of talent, and handsome as a god, but for the haggard eyes, the weary mouth—those fatal signs. And Caroline Morrison? would she believe in the power she might have? He shuddered as he thought, partly from fear for her, partly from another fear, which struck him with a new strange dread. But the end came sooner than he imagined. He was sitting in the same place the next morning, smoking, and wondering where Clarence was, who usually joined him there at that hour, when he saw him coming up the path to the house. He went in without a glance to the right or the left,

but with his head bent despondently, and his hands thrust into his pockets. Garth knew at once what had happened to him. He had been rejected.

"Poor fellow," he murmured, with real sympathy for the wrecked life and hope; but relief and thanksgiving was dominant.

Two great fears were relieved. Caroline Morrison was saved from a wretched future—for he knew how futile any permanent reform was for a man like Clarence Rutherfordmayne. And for his own part—let us see. It was later in the day that he sat outside a low window, talking with Harry Morrison and his sister, Caroline; Caroline was more silent than usual, and Garth noticed a look of pain upon her face.

Harry was in the midst of a picture description, intent and ardent, when a heavy slouching step sounded behind them. They all looked up simultaneously; Garth felt before he looked, that it was Clarence Rutherfordmayne. He reeled towards them; his expression half stupid, half reckless.

"Talking about pictures, hey, Harry? What yer been painting? Why don't yer paint yer sister."

He leaned unsteadily against the rail of the balcony, and hesitating a moment, went on:

"Say, why don't yer paint yer sister? Paint her for me, will yer? I'll give yer an order; you'll not say 'no' to that, Miss Morrison, will yer?"

There was a lurking of remembrance in his words which was terrible to hear in this state.

Miss Morrison rose, scared and pained by the scene, and was turning to go away, when he reached forward and grasped her arm. Her brother and John Garth sprang to their feet, but before they could act he had surged heavily backward, and fallen, face upwards on the sward.

There he lay, young and full of life, and beauty, and promise, but a few hours ago, now a brutish heap. And at the moment a voice from within was heard, humming gaily a gay tune; Caroline Morrison started.

"His sister! oh she must not see him!" and in, over the low window-sill, she ran to stay Olivia's approach, with no remembrance, no thought but of tenderness and pity.

"Miss Rutherfordmayne, there has been an accident, will you get me your vinaigrette?"

This was the first suggestion—anything for a moment's delay, until the green sward should be free of its shameful burden.

Olivia stared in surprise for an instant at being thus addressed. She was turning to obey, however, when the voice of John Garth reached her.

"What is it—who is it?" and she retraced her steps.

Caroline Morrison put up her hands to bar her progress.

"Do not go out there, do not, I beg of you, Miss Rutherfordmayne."

"Why should I not go where my cousin is?" cried Olivia haughtily, and pushing past her, she ran swiftly out towards her cousin's voice. "What is it, what is the matter, John?"

A glance at John's face and at the face they were lifting from the ground told her the story.

"Go away, Olivia," said John, hoarsely, "this is no place for you," and then the maudering voice from her brother's besotted lips broke forth again.

"Yes, go 'way, 'Livy; what yer here for?" and far up the stairway she heard that idle babble, as they carried him to his room. For John Garth, though filled with shame and disgust, through it all there ran one pure sweet remembrance—that other scene, no feature of which he had lost, where Caroline Morrison ran out to save from bitter humiliation the woman who had not hesitated to cast insult and humiliation upon her. Upon whose shield now should be engraved *Noblesse oblige!* Whom did not nobility oblige in its deepest, truest sense, if not Caroline Morrison?

You may be sure he thought of this, when he asked her a few hours later to be his wife—that he approached her reverently, with no pride of his own name to give him hope of success, and that truly he felt himself honored by her "yes."

Olivia, disappointed and humiliated, could not help her sneer at the tidings, and John Garth may be pardoned for his final retort.

"On one side I come of the Rutherfordmayne blood, Olivia. I might have prided myself upon it once, but I think I may blush for it in this generation," and he cast a significant glance from her to the heir of the name as he walked into the room with unsteady step.

"What's that, John, about the Rutherfordmayne blood? Oh, I know, I know—you're going to change the current. It's time, it's time."

Then rising up with a gleam of his real manhood, he held out his hand.

"John, you're worthy of her, I never was, never should have been. She's nobler than any Rutherfordmayne of the present day, and I wish you joy, God bless you both," and there were tears in the haggard eyes.

Olivia, looking on, shivered and turned pale, and perhaps for the first time she may have felt the real meaning of *Noblesse oblige*.

THE authorities of the London Zoological Gardens have succeeded in adding to their collection a porpoise. It was captured by some fishermen at Deal, and transported to London by railway under the care of Tennant, the society's keeper. When received at the gardens the porpoise was much bruised about the face and eyes, and at first refused to feed. He has, however, improved by degrees, and now takes his meals regularly. These consist of live eels, which he catches for himself, and herrings and other fish, which are supplied to him by his keeper at the end of a fishing rod.

THE Aroostook Pioneer tells how crinoline was employed to manage a skittish horse. As two ladies were driving on the road to Tobique, the horse became frightened at a large boulder by the roadside, and refused to budge, whereupon one of the ladies, going to the frightful object which had so unconsciously impeded their progress, spread herself all over it, and so completely covered it from sight, that the horse became at once manageable, and carried them to their journey's end without further mischief.



THE HEROES OF FORT FISHER.

BY LIEUT. R. V. KING, U. S. A.

UNFURL the Old Flag, let it wave in the breeze,  
O'er the walls of old Fisher, shot-torn and grim,  
Where Terry and Porter won the victor's bright  
wreath  
Of laurels, whose brightness no time can e'er  
dim.

God bless the brave landmen and seamen who  
fought  
Hand-in-hand through those hours of peril and  
strife,  
Kind heaven repay with its smiles those who  
bought  
The victory for Freedom with blood and with  
life.

Their graves will grow green midst the songs of  
the deep,  
And the blue waves that ripple its billowy tide,  
But cherished for ever by the millions that weep  
Are the deeds of the heroes who struggled and  
died.

When Columbia shall open her bright pages of  
fame,  
And give to the nations her record of Right,  
Undimmed is the glory that will crown every name  
Of the army and navy who braved the dread  
fight.

Then welcome with honor the legions that strove  
In the smoke of the battle, for Country and God,  
And mingle our offerings of friendship and love,  
With tears for the brave ones who sleep 'neath  
the sod.

When the angels of Victory and Peace hover o'er  
us,  
And the thunders of war are hushed into rest,  
To the victors of Fisher we'll chaunt the glad  
chorus,  
And give praises to Him who hath Liberty blest.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S  
VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARSH-  
MONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—VERY PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

The river was gray and dim in the twilight by  
this time, for the first half of October was gone,  
and the dusky shadows gathered early on Mr.  
Hillary's lawn. Francis Tredethlyn found the gar-  
dens deserted when he left the terrace, and walked  
slowly towards the house, where lights were  
gleaming in innumerable windows. The young  
man had only ridden down to Twickenham that  
morning, and had no special engagement to dine  
at the Cedars.

"I'll go round to the stables at once," he  
thought, "and I can call in Moorgate street to-  
morrow, and tell Mr. Hillary that I think of going  
abroad. Why should I see her again? The sight  
of her will only make me foolish, and keep me here  
in spite of myself."

The lady thus vaguely alluded to was not Miss  
Desmond; but when Francis Tredethlyn entered  
Mr. Hillary's house by the first open window that  
he found on the upper terrace, he found himself  
in a little study much affected by the ladies of the  
household, and he came suddenly upon a female  
figure sitting alone in the dark.

Something like a guilty pang shot through him  
as he recognized that stately figure, even in the  
shadowy obscurity of the unlighted room. In the  
next moment there was a rustling of silk, and Miss  
Desmond had risen and was facing him in the  
twilight.

"Yes, it is Mr. Tredethlyn," she said presently.  
"What have you been doing with yourself all the  
afternoon? There has been a grand discussion  
about some amateur theatricals, concerning which  
Maude Hillary is absolutely bewitched, and we  
want you to act."

"I think you've got plenty of fellows who'll act  
better than I can, Miss Desmond, though I did  
try my hand at the business once in Van Diemen's  
Land, and I'd be glad to make myself useful in  
any way that would please Miss Hillary, if it  
was to dress myself as a footman and carry a tea-  
tray or a scuttle of coals; but I think I shall be  
leaving England before the theatricals come off;  
in point of fact, I think I shall be leaving England  
directly."

"Leaving England!"  
The expression of those two words could scarcely  
have been more tragical than it was; and yet for  
once in a way Miss Desmond was not acting. All  
in a moment she saw the fair edifice which she  
had schemed to build for herself crumbling into  
ruin and chaos.

"Leaving England!" she repeated—"you think  
of leaving England, Mr. Tredethlyn?"

She put her hands to her forehead with a little  
tragic gesture, and Francis Tredethlyn wished  
that he had entered the house by any other door  
or window than that which he had chosen.

Julia's dismay was entirely real; for the dis-  
appointment was very bitter to this young lady,  
who had built up a fair future for herself on the  
foundation of Francis Tredethlyn's wealth. The  
grim walls of Castle Desmond, the silver waters  
of the Shannon, the green hillsides and lonely  
valleys, made themselves into a picture that shut  
out the dusky room, and then melted into gray  
blankness. She had meant to do such great  
things with Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand  
a year!

The young man stood looking at her in as much  
embarrassment as if he had been guilty of some  
wilful deception. He was so little of a coxcomb,  
that it was very difficult for him to imagine that

his sudden departure could give pain to the bril-  
liant Julia. He was so entirely simple and true-  
hearted, that no suspicion of Miss Desmond's  
mercenary views had any place in his mind.

There was a very brief pause, and then Julia  
murmured, in low, half-broken accents:

"You are really going away? But why?"

"Oh, Miss Desmond, I scarcely like to tell you  
why; and yet it's not altogether on that account,"  
answered Francis, vaguely. "There are other  
reasons. I am not in my right place amongst such  
people as I meet here. I'm a rough, uneducated  
fellow, and idleness doesn't suit me. I want to be  
of some use in the world. Why, I felt myself a  
better man out yonder, without sixpence in my  
pocket, than I am to-day, in spite of Oliver Tre-  
dethlyn's money. So I mean to buy a commission  
and go out to India, where there's some fighting  
to be done."

"You are not telling me the truth, Mr. Tredeth-  
lyn. This is not your real reason for running away  
from the Cedars, as if the house were infected."

"My dear Miss Desmond, I—you have been so  
kind to me—you have made me feel so much at  
home here, where, but for you, I must have felt  
myself so miserably out of place."

"Why should you be out of place amongst these  
people?" cried Julia, drawing up her head with a  
proud gesture, "unless," she murmured, in a  
thoughtful undertone—"unless because these  
people are so much beneath you."

Miss Desmond had entirely recovered herself  
by this time. All at once, after sitting a long time  
at the table, playing her cards with infinite tact  
and patience, all at once she found herself losing  
the game, and saw that only the boldest play could  
help her. But Julia was equal to the situation.  
The 2d of December had come upon her very sud-  
denly, but she did not despair of triumphing by a  
coup d'état.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said,  
looking Francis full in the face, with her eyes and  
teeth gleaming in the twilight, "why are you going  
to leave this house? Why do you talk of hurrying  
away from England?"

"Because—because—I have done you a wrong  
in absorbing so much of your society, Miss Des-  
mond, and the people here have begun to mix  
your name with mine. I cannot bear that you,  
who are so superior to me, should be humiliated  
by such an association, especially when there is  
no foundation for their talk." Francis Tredethlyn  
added, in considerable embarrassment.

"Oh, I understand it all now," answered Julia,  
with an unutterable bitterness in her tone; "you  
have been warned against me, Mr. Tredethlyn. I  
am only a fortune-hunter, and I have been  
spreading my coils about your innocent footsteps,  
and it is only by flight that you can save yourself.  
Oh, yes!" she cried, with an ironical laugh, which  
seemed to express a keener anguish than another  
woman's wildest sob, "I know how these people  
talk!"

"Miss Desmond, on my honor—"

"Mr. Tredethlyn, on my honor, I know the world  
better than you do. If you had devoted yourself  
to any other woman in this house, to any daughter  
of that mercantile aristocracy in which Mr. Hillary  
rules supreme, no sneering comments would have  
greeted your ear. But what am I—the daughter  
of the Desmonds of Desmond—among these peo-  
ple? What am I but Maude Hillary's dependent  
and companion? I am poor, and I endure poverty  
in its most cruel bitterness—for I am poor amongst  
the vulgar rich. Who can give me credit for sin-  
cerity? who dares trust in my friendship? I am  
a well-bred pauper, a fortune-hunter, an adven-  
tress, a creature whose smiles are to be dreaded,  
whose society is to be avoided. Oh, Francis Tre-  
dethlyn," cried Julia, with a sudden shiver of  
agony, which would have done credit to a Rachel,  
"I know so well what has been said to you. Go—  
go at once. You are wise to accept the warning  
conveyed in these people's insolent insinuations.  
Go—there is a gulf between you and me, for you  
are rich and I am poor. Beware of me even when  
I seem most sincere. Remember that I am a  
pauper and the descendant of paupers—paupers  
who shed their blood and squandered their fortu-  
nes in a losing cause—paupers who died for the  
love of honor and loyalty, two words that would  
seem the emptiest sounds to merchants and  
tradesmen. Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, have pity upon  
me, and go."

And then Miss Desmond broke down all at once  
into a burst of hysterical sobbing, and stretching  
out her hand towards the back of a *prie-Dieu*  
chair standing near, tottered as if she would have  
fallen. She did not fall, however, for before her  
hand could reach the *prie-Dieu* Francis Tredeth-  
lyn's strong arm was round her.

"Miss Desmond!" he cried. "Julia! Why do  
you talk like this? Do you think that any base  
thought about you ever entered my brain? For-  
tune-hunter, adventurer—did I ever wrong you  
in my inmost thoughts by such a name as that?"

"No," answered Julia, softly. "You are too  
noble; and yet you may have been influenced by  
others. Why should you think better of me than  
others think? Why should not you, too, despise  
me?"

Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was still  
supported by Mr. Tredethlyn's arm. He felt that  
she was trembling violently. He could just dis-  
tinguish her handsome profile in the dusk, and the  
tears glittering upon her dark lashes.

"Despise you, Julia! you who are so superior  
to me! Do you forget what I am? Have I not  
much greater reason to fear your contempt? And  
you talk of poverty as if that were so deep a suffer-  
ing, while I am so rich and care so little for my  
money. Share it with me, Julia. I'm only a poor  
waif and stray as it is; but with such a woman as  
you for my wife I might be of some good in the  
world. Heaven knows you are welcome to my  
fortune, Miss Desmond. If you were a man and  
my comrade I would say—'Share it with me as  
my brother and my friend.' But you are a woman,  
and I can only say, 'Be my wife.'"

Julia withdrew herself from the supporting arm.

"Ah, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said, in an icy kind  
of voice, "this is the bitterest insult of all. The  
Desmonds do not marry for money; they only  
marry where they are beloved, and can love  
again."

"How can I expect that you can love me?"  
asked Francis. "Do you think I can forget that  
I am an ignorant boor, suddenly thrown amongst  
people whose habits of life, whose very thoughts,  
are strange to me?"

"And you would marry a woman without so  
much as asking her for her love?"

"I would ask for her friendship and her fidelity.  
I shouldn't care to exact an uneven bargain, Miss  
Desmond, and I doubt if I could give much more  
myself," the young man answered, rather coldly;  
but at the sound of a stifled sob from Julia he  
changed his tone all at once. A thousand gener-  
ous impulses were stirred in him by the aspect of  
her distress. He was nothing more than a child  
in the hands of this brilliant young Irishwoman.

"Dear Miss Desmond," he cried, "I seem des-  
tined to offend and grieve you. If you will shape  
my fortune, if you will accept my best friendship  
and fidelity, my whole life shall prove to you how  
much I admire and respect you. If you reject my  
offer, I can only say—"

But Julia did not allow him to finish the sen-  
tence, which she foresaw would be expressive of  
complete resignation to her adverse decision.

"Oh, Francis," she exclaimed, "you offer me  
your fortune!" There was something sublime in  
her contemptuous enunciation of this last word.  
"You ask me to accept your friendship, when I  
have been weak and mad enough to love you." She  
was not Rachel any longer, she was Madame  
Dorval, all melting tenderness and womanly  
pathos. She covered her face with her hands,  
and then, with something between a sob and a  
shudder, rushed suddenly from the room, and  
hurried along the dusky staircase and passages to  
her own apartment.

The candles were lighted on the dressing-table,  
but there was no intrusive handmaiden to annoy  
Miss Desmond by her watchful glances, her mute  
interrogation. Julia looked at her reflection in  
the glass, and saw herself flushed and triumphant,  
with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"And my eyes are really wet," she thought;  
"but then the chance was such a good one, and  
so nearly lost. What a good, simple-hearted fel-  
low he is! and how happy any reasonable woman  
might be with him—and thirty thousand a year!  
Ah, Maude Hillary! it was very pretty, and child-  
ish, and nice of you, coming to wake me out of my  
sleep on your last birthday, to show me the set of  
diamonds and opals papa had bribed your maid to  
slip under your pillow before you awoke; but I  
will show you diamonds before long that shall  
make you ashamed of that birthday trumpery."

Miss Desmond rolled her black hair into a great  
smooth knot at the back of her head, and she put  
on a dress of that fugitive golden yellow, in which  
there is an artful intermingling of silvery sheen,  
and which milliners call *maize*, a bewilderingly  
beautiful color when seen in conjunction with a  
handsome brunette. The loungers who dined at  
the Cedars that evening declared that Julia Des-  
mond had never looked so splendid. Francis Tre-  
dethlyn sat by her at dinner, and was near her all  
the evening; and at night, when he found himself  
alone in the pretty chintz-curtained chamber that  
he had so often occupied of late, the young man  
seated himself by one of the windows, and push-  
ing open the sash, looked out at the quiet river  
rippling softly under the stars.

"And she is to be my wife," he thought; "she  
is very handsome, and I ought to be proud to  
think that she can care for such a fellow as I. And  
yet—" His head sank forward on his folded  
arms, and the image of a beautiful creature smiled  
before him in all the dazzling brightness of an  
opium-eater's dream. Francis Tredethlyn gave  
one long regretful sigh as he raised his head, and  
looked moodily out at the distant woodland on the  
other side of the river.

"What can it matter whom I marry?" he asked  
himself, bitterly; "would she ever think of me if  
I were to come to this house every day for ten  
years at a stretch? Why, her dogs are more to  
her and dearer to her twenty times than I am.  
And Julia Desmond loves me, and thinks me bet-  
ter than those fellows with the yellow whiskers,  
who are always talking of new books and new  
music. They please her; but Julia despises them.  
Am I such a wretch that I cannot be grateful for  
a sensible woman's affection? I am grateful to  
her. I am proud to think that she will be my  
wife. But I wish I was back in Van Diemen's Land,  
blacking the captain's boots, and smoking shag  
tobacco with Surly Bill the burglar."

After that dramatic little scene in the twilight  
study at the Cedars, everything went on velvet.  
Julia was triumphant; Maude was delighted and  
sympathetic. What could be more charming or  
more proper, than that Julia should marry a man  
with thirty thousand a year for his fortune? The  
only hindrance to universal happiness in a very  
delightful world was the fact that so many people  
had to do without thirty thousand a year, Miss  
Hillary thought, whenever she gave her mind to  
the study of political economy.

"And you will be so rich, dear Julia," Maude  
said, as she kissed her friend; "and if Harcourt  
and I are very poor—as we must be, unless papa  
gives his consent by-and-bye—you'll take us for a  
drive in the Park sometimes, won't you? And if  
you give many parties in the season, I shan't be  
able to come to them, for you wouldn't like to see  
me always in the same dress, like those poor peo-  
ple at the union, and I shall be obliged to get a  
set of black lace flounces like Roder—your never-  
saw Roder, my last German governess but one—  
and put them on pink silk one day, and blue the  
next, and so on; it's very troublesome, and the  
flounces don't generally come straight, but then  
it looks as if one had so many dresses. Of course  
you'll have boxes at both houses, Julia, and on  
the grand tier? and you'll buy a place in the

country—and oh, where do you mean to live in  
town?"

Miss Desmond answered all these eager queries  
very demurely. Francis would make all arrange-  
ments for their future life, she said: he had  
certainly promised her the two opera boxes, and he  
had made inquiries about the one house that was  
to be let in Park Lane, and he was anxious to dis-  
cover her favorite county before taking any steps  
towards the purchase of an estate.

"But you know he is such a dear good fellow,  
and has such a knack of guessing all my fancies  
that I never like to suggest anything," Miss  
Desmond concluded modestly; but somehow or  
other, without making any direct suggestions,  
Julia had so contrived matters, that in a few  
weeks her affianced husband had gratified many  
of the desires that had been smouldering in her  
breast ever since the earliest dawn of girlhood.

Already the "family jools" of the Desmonds  
had been consigned to the oblivion of one of  
Julia's shabbiest trunks, and diamonds now  
twinkled on Miss Desmond's neck and arms, and  
gleamed here and there in her black hair when  
she came down to dinner in her maize silk dress.  
Her toilette-table was all of a glitter with the  
rings she drew off her slim fingers when she dis-  
robed at night, before the looking-glass which  
had so often reflected a gloomy, discontented  
face, but which now only gave back triumphant  
smiles.

She was an adventuress, perhaps, and her  
triumph was an ignoble one; but she was not  
altogether base. She was prepared to be a good  
wife to the man whom she had brought to her  
feet by force of feminine strategy. She did not  
love Francis Tredethlyn, and, indeed, she seemed  
to be made of a sterner stuff than that of which  
the women who can love are fashioned. She did  
not love her affianced husband, but she meant to  
be as faithful and devoted as the most loving wife  
in Christendom. If she intended to raise herself  
upon the platform of her husband's wealth, she  
meant that he should mount with her. Already  
she had lifted him several stages on the social  
ladder. From the very first her watchful care  
had saved him from a hundred small solecisms,  
and in the more intimate relationship of the last  
few weeks her refining influence had been almost  
magical in its effects. The good old blood of the  
Tredethlyns asserted itself, and Julia found her  
task an easy one.

"I don't want you to be like those Government  
clerks, and magazine writers, and embryo  
"Q. C.'s," she said to him sometimes. "I like  
you to be big, deep-voiced, and—just a little  
clumsy. The Knights-Templars, and Crusaders,  
and that sort of people must have been clumsy on  
account of their armor. I always fancy I hear  
the clank of spurs when you come into a room;  
and when you sit in Parliament you must be the  
soldier's friend, you know, and make great  
speeches about rations and court-martial ver-  
dicts, and discipline—and all that sort of thing;  
and I shall come into the ladies' gallery,  
and strain my eyes by peeping at you through  
that horrible grating. You will look so hand-  
some, with your head thrown a little back, and  
your hand in your waistcoat."

Now this kind of talk from a handsome woman,  
whom he knows to be infinitely his intellectual  
superior, can scarcely be displeasing to the most  
strong-minded of men; and, unluckily, Francis  
Tredethlyn was not very strong-minded. He  
locked down at his Julia with a sheepish smile,  
and acknowledged her pretty flatteries in the  
lamest possible manner; but when he came to  
the Cedars next morning, he brought with him  
the biggest emerald-headed serpent that he had  
been able to find among the jewellers of the West  
End, and coiled it about his Julia's wrist. He  
was grateful to her for all her tender smiles and  
pleasant speeches—all the more grateful, per-  
haps, because of that uncomfortable knowledge  
of the cold void of his own heart, where love for  
his promised wife should have been. So he  
brought her all manner of costly tribute in the  
way of rings and bracelets, and necklaces and  
headgear; and bought her a three hundred  
guinea hunter at Tattersall's, so that she should  
no longer ride Maude Hillary's horses in the  
Twickenham lanes. Sometimes, in spite of him-  
self, even when Julia was most agreeable, the  
thought came upon him that he would only too  
gladly have given her the whole of his fortune if  
by such a gift he might have freed himself from  
the promise that bound him to her.

"But if I were free to-morrow, she would not  
care for me, he thought; "and what would be  
the use of my liberty?"

On the 21st ult., the library of the Cathedral  
Church of Strängnäs, Sweden, was destroyed by fire.  
It contained a great number of Scandinavian anti-  
quities, valuable manuscripts and rare books, which  
came from the pillage of the convents of Bohemia and  
Moldavia during the 30 years war. This library was  
founded in the fifteenth century, and science and  
literature have by this catastrophe suffered an immense  
loss.

It is worthy of note that the States of Europe  
which boast of having been ruled the greatest number  
of years by divine right, and who are still sur-  
rounded by the most gorgeous royal pageants, are the  
very powers which are the most decrepit and decaying.  
In proof of this may be adduced Spain, Austria, Portu-  
gal, and, by far the most ancient of the European  
sovereignties, the court of Rome.

European papers state that the peninsula  
of Lenoxan (Asia) contains numerous springs of  
petroleum. No fewer than 109 are now worked, and  
yield annually about 4,000 tons of petroleum, similar to  
that brought from America. There are also many  
springs of the kind in the island of Tanan.

"I HAVE always been astonished," said Miss  
Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I  
never pitied a female more than when Miss Montfathers  
left my school. Seeing her gazing towards the sky, I  
asked her what she was looking for."  
"That beam," said she, "which is told of as being  
set in the cloud—I wish he'd come down."

The British Government expended \$50,000-  
000 on new iron war vessels last year.





SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT

STATES







ON PICKET BEFORE PETERSEURO,  
Sept., 1864.

BY HAROLD PERCY.

I AM here alone. Alone in the dark;  
With no companions but the twinkling stars,  
And those dull watchfires yonder which do mark  
The steady line that firmly, strongly bars  
Our further progress. 'Tis a solemn place,  
To sit without a sight of human face  
All these long hours; knowing that every one  
May be the time you host has fixed upon  
To swoop down on our vitals. I am not  
A coward in the field. The yell of shot  
And crash of cannon strikes no fear to me.  
But in the night, out of the wild melee,  
My blood will sometimes curdle to my heart,  
When I recall wherein I have borne part  
Throughout the bloody day. I think I see  
The face of that young Southron, whom I slew,  
A hundred times each night, appearing through  
The chilly gloom; and of the picture bright  
Of that young spirit he wore in his breast,  
Which fell to me when in the hush of night  
We laid him kindly as we could to rest.

It was not murder, for my blood was hot,  
Ebbing and flowing with the battle's tide,  
His hand to mine, and mine to his again,  
Made music such as soldiers love to hear.  
And he fell dead. His long, black curling hair  
All matted with the blood that issued when  
My blade had fallen. When I saw the face  
Of this fair picture, and most surely felt  
That some young heart wept him by whom I knelt,  
I almost wished my muscles had not been  
So firmly knit, and I to do this sin  
Had been unable. For I felt if he  
Had conquered, none would weep for me.  
Not that it was the first my hand had slain,  
Nor yet the least blood-guilty, for he came  
Upon me madly with his good blade wet  
With better blood than mine. But even yet  
I feel remorse for this sweet creature's sake,  
And for the tie it was my lot to break,  
Although I slew him in mine own defence.

Another hour! I fain would be at home;  
Sleeping once more beneath my native sky,  
With friends about my bed. Then I could die  
And be most happy, but I do not like  
To fall in some wild battle and be laid  
A foot beneath the sod of some lone glade  
Where never sound shall come from day to day,  
Beyond the clashing of some fierce affray.  
It may be so. God knows, not I.  
I am content, and else there is not one  
To weep or murmur. Is it sin to kiss  
The picture of so fair a thing as this?  
No, the dead Southron's love  
Shall be the holiest after that above  
Of all things known. And if the battle's tide  
Shall ebb, leave me dead, upon my breast  
You'll find the picture of the soldier's bride,  
And know he is avenged. As for the rest,  
Let Heaven decide. Ho! comrades, up!  
The rebels come! Our Southern foe is here!  
Call for our legions, hold fast to this spot  
Till all is lost or won, or die with a cheer!

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S WILD STORY.

## PART I.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, in his "Philosophy of Composition," tells us that, in writing tales or novels founded on fiction, we must decide first on our peculiar situation, or *dénouement*, which is to form the point of the story. Write that carefully first, and then work up the other parts to fit it, keeping all subservient to that chosen end. The choice of the incident may be determined by a thousand-and-one considerations. Law reports give many startling ones, and good ones too; for not only are they real, but they are accompanied by the wholesome moral of detected crime.

But the law reports are not the only places to look for the dramas of real life. Certainly I am not the only one who noticed a year or two ago, in the first column of the *Times*, a lifelong drama that was simply told in three short paragraphs, thus (the names and place are altered):

## BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq., of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, by special licence, J. H. Hawker, Esq., to Emily Ann Bridgemann.

## DEATHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, Emily Ann, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq.

It would be difficult, I imagine, to tell such a story of shame—repentance, let us hope—and death in fewer words.

The second column of the same paper occasionally gives us curious peeps into scenes that often prove "stranger than fiction." One that appeared a long time ago, and reads as if addressed to a dead man, seems to give a glimpse at the last scene of some tragedy. Here it is:

TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's morning *Advertiser*, headed, "A body found drowned at Deptford." After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.

But this lifting of the curtain for a moment, though startling, shows nothing more than the glimpse we get; and the lurid light thus thrown

on the scene only leaves us in deeper darkness than before. We cannot do better than follow Poe's plan, and decide first on the character of our story. Shall it be grave or gay? Grave. *Spoil*. Incontestably, few things are of graver import than those mysterious laws that control the working of the mind, and regulate those efforts made by it, that are commonly known as "will." If, then, we can lay down some law (in our own minds) by which these efforts are governed, and narrate some story to illustrate it, we at once create interest; or curiosity, like a crossing-sweeper, will follow the unknown passer-by for a chance copper more tenaciously than those with whose economy he is acquainted.

Having decided on the general style, we have two or three minor points to settle before we commence. For instance, it at once suggests itself that the story must be told in the first person, where the incidents are so strictly personal, so intimately connected with the inner self. And we must not forget the particular principle we wish to inculcate.

In reference to the particular point on which we have decided to write, it has always struck me that the word "supernatural" has been very improperly connected with it, and indeed often applied to it. Simply because we cannot understand a thing, are we to say it is superhuman? At the end of the last century, any old lady venturing to light her pipe with a lucifer match would have run a very good chance of having her thumbs and great toes tied in a bunch, and finding herself drowning as a witch in the nearest brook. And even in part of this century it would have been dangerous for Mr. Bain to have propounded that wonderful telegraph of his by which a man in London can sign his name in St. Petersburg, or where you will, within hearing of certain Spanish ecclesiastics. No! those remarkable phenomena that are so often called supernatural, I believe to be the result of a powerful, active will, the creation of a living brain, diseased perhaps, and in a state of unnatural excitement; but half conscious, it may be, of its terrible unknown power, and reeling from the violence of its own struggles. But whether sane or insane, the workings of that mind are governed by natural laws, though as yet we do not understand them.

Overworked and yielding to the solicitations of my wife and friends, I left the practice entirely in the hands of my partner, and accepted the invitation of my kind old friend, Doctor Goodenough. The perfect rest, the lovely wild Welsh scenery, soon showed its effects, and day by day I recruited both strength and spirits; and ere long I was able to face, with a sense of exhilaration that I had long been a stranger to, the keen frosty wind that then, in the early part of January, swept down into our quiet valley from the snowy heights beyond. Goodenough's quick appreciation of character, sturdy common sense combined with great tact and quickness, fitted him peculiarly for the care of cases complicated with any mental derangement. There were several under his care. As my own health improved in tone, I began to listen with interest to the particulars of the various cases, and felt gratified that my old friend should thus seek my opinion. He showed me his notes of one case which he had—as far as human eye could see—treated with perfect success. It was peculiar; the subject in his early youth had on one occasion, and one only, shown symptoms of insanity, the seeds of which lay dormant until after life. He must have been a man of great determination, for on his recent recovery he thus described his recollection of the occasion of the fit:

"One night, after a number of weeks of fearful suffering, as I was lying in bed tossing, sleepless and despairing, a most horrible impulse seized upon me, an impulse impelling me to destroy one who, of all living beings, most deserved my love. I buried myself under the bedclothes, and struggled with the hellish impulse till the bed shook. It still gained strength. I sprang up, clung to the bedpost, and drove my teeth, in the agony of despair, into the hard wood. It was uncontrollable. I shut my eyes, bowed down my head for fear that I should see her, and rushed out of the house. Barefooted, with no covering save a night-shirt, I ran through the streets to the police office, and implored them to lock me up. Fortunately the officer on duty was a humane and sensible man. He gave me a watchcoat to wrap round me, kept me under his eye, and I suppose, sent to my friends, for my wife and sister came with clothing. The paroxysm had passed, and gasping, panting for death in any form, I accompanied them home, steeped to the lips in despair."

This case, which was one of well-marked latent insanity (latent for nearly twenty years), interested us much, and sincerely we trusted that it might not prove intermittent, of which latter type a very curious and well-marked case was under my friend's care.

"I know nothing of the history of the man," said Goodenough, "except that he came here many years ago, and voluntarily placed himself under the care of my predecessor. He occupies a small suite of rooms, makes few acquaintances, and quite seems to shun the quiet public sitting-room and billiard-room, where there are generally two or three convalescents to be found. Botany, on which subject he has written much and well, is his principal pursuit. But the most remarkable point is the persistency and regularity of his mental attacks. In the early part of each year (and you will have the opportunity, I imagine, of seeing this for yourself) he becomes careless of his person and his dress, moody and irritable—savage, passionate and violent—so much so, that towards the end of the month it has always been necessary to place him under restraint. Another curious phase in the case is, that as the cerebral excitement increases, his English is replaced by another language, that neither I nor any one here can understand. I judge from this that he is not an Englishman; that his brain, losing the grasp over the acquired tongue, lapses to its native one. As

he grows older the gradual recovery from each access of delirium takes longer and longer. In his lucid intervals, growing shorter every year, he has occasionally, at my earnest request, written what he can recollect of his state of mind during the accession of the attacks. This passage, with which he commences one of these papers, is remarkable, and shows in what way he expects death to supervene:

"It is a fearful thing for a man to be mad, and to be conscious that he is so. I am convinced that a thought of an intensely exciting nature passing through a brain in this state, or through one very easily excited naturally, can kill as quickly as a shock of electricity from a thunder-cloud, and that the death-bearing messengers in both cases are nearly allied."

"I have, while recovering from an attack of mania, not once, but several times, been struck down as utterly senseless by a thought as I could have been by a blow."

"I have no doubt but some of those sudden deaths, for which no cause can be assigned or seen, are the results of this silent thunder, which bursts from the imagination when in a state of excitement or disease."

I took an early opportunity of calling upon this gentleman, in company with Doctor Goodenough. It was in the middle of January, and the usual premonitory symptoms had begun to show themselves. His appearance was striking; but the attention was riveted on his eye, so cold, so clear and pitiless, flickering now and again with a febrile brightness. Our visit was a very short one; but it was not until away from his presence that I could recall his massive chin, his firm thin lips hardly according with his rather narrow forehead and strangely projecting eyebrows. I learnt, with no feeling of pleasure, the next day, that he was anxious to see me. I accompanied Goodenough in his usual visit.

"Doctor," said he, "we can hear enough of our future state; we know, perhaps, too much of our present; but where can we learn our past? Look you! the soul never dies; neither is it born, at least not as our philosophy would teach us. Have I only existed some forty or fifty years? I tell you cycles have passed since my thinking powers first came into play. You too—you have recognised people, ay, and places too, that you never before saw in this life. And you, sir," turning to me and raising his voice almost fiercely, "in what wild planet or outer world have we met, and then, too, in no friendly mood?"

And truly there flashed back on my memory that night in the wild forest, when with my spirits high overcome in the struggle with unknown horror, staggering into the clear moonlight my knees trembling under me, dismayed but unsubdued, I was but able to cry, "I am not overcome; my spirit is not afraid," without which self-assertion my inner self felt it must have yielded to this unknown, unseen power. I know not what answer I returned to the wild adjuration of the madman.

After a moment's pause he said, quietly:

"Do you know, doctor, I believe it quite possible for a man to be in two places at once. Now, for instance, in my own occasional illnesses, I, as regards my body, remain here (though I should be sorry to vouch for that myself), while I, as regards my thinking and intellectual powers, have most certainly been elsewhere. For as I slowly recover with the coming springtime, creeping with the flowers into a fuller life, I am imbued with the idea of long, cold, weary watching, of some horrid hate-inspiring thing; and as Dante makes those spirits, who on earth have loved both wildly and unwell, be driven together round and round the limbo they are in, by a fierce cold whirlwind—now torn away from, now driven back to, their unseen, never-shifting starting-point—so I sometimes think I have been surging round and round, with a purposeless hate, some still more hateful spot."

Towards the end of the month, the 26th (how suddenly I recalled the date), Goodenough and I were quietly talking after dinner, when an assistant called him out of the room. A few minutes after, the same man returned; "The doctor's compliments, sir, and would you step up to Mr. Engstrom's room?"

I entered his room quietly. Three men, assisted by the doctor, were holding down the unhappy man on the bed; and though they did not understand his wild imprecations, in a harsh, uncouth tongue, it was evident to any, from his savage gestures and hoarse, deep voice, that he was in fierce altercation with some imagined foe. I caught a word in Swedish, and soon followed the sense of all he said. Who was "Hilda?"—she who seemed fastened to his heartstrings by ties of wildest love and fiercest hate. What were the unheard questions that called forth such awful answers? On whose head were these fearful imprecations called down? Verily a full tide of sombre recollections flowed over my memory; and, urged by what instinct I knew not, I hurried, as in a dream, to the billiard-room, and, snatching an ornamented cue from the rack, I returned. I placed myself at the foot of the man's bed. "Loose him and let him go," I am told I said; and in sheer astonishment the men relaxed their hold to look at me. He sprang up to a sitting position, his wild eyes fixed on mine, and a deep, long-drawn stertorous breathing gave as it were a voice to his fierce glare.

"Devil! would you again torment me before my time? but I have you now."

And with a frantic shout he sprang towards me. I shrank back, and, still keeping a firm eye fixed on his, held up as in an attitude of defence the butt of the cue. He staggered as does a man who receives a mortal blow. "Let be," I said to the men, who would again have seized him; and he, cowering back, shrinking from me, fell prone and gasping on the bed. Then feebly rolling himself in the clothes, amid faint cries for pity and deep-drawn sob, half choked by the dread death-rattle in his throat, this wicked, wilful soul fled into the presence of his Maker.

Silently we left the room, I leaning on Goodenough's arm. He poured me out a glass of wine, that I gladly swallowed.

"Now tell me," said he, "who is this man, and how did you learn his history? How did you acquire such a strange power over him, the too sudden use of which I cannot but regret? And lastly, what induced you to come into the room in the strange way you did?" (for he had not seen me when I first entered).

"As to his history I know nothing; but I am certain of it all. I feel I am not mistaken; and when I have told it to you, you will understand the rest."

"Good," said he, and left me. And for a long, long time I sat there dreaming of the past, as in a trance, with my eyes open.

And this, as follows, is what I told him the next day.

## PART II.

As a young man, I was extremely fond of travelling; indeed I am so now, finding that my moral as well as physical health improve by it; the bold wild scenery I always frequent induces a healthier and more manly tone of thought. I can then take a more general view of things, and less dimmed by the obtrusion of self. On one occasion I had even obtained my *congé*, though as yet undecided where to go—with what new scenery I should brush off the cobwebs of dull routine. It was Saturday, and the *Illustrated* was put into my hands. In it was an account and some sketches of the opening of a railway from Gottenburg to Stockholm. This decided me, and I sailed by the next boat for Gottenburg. Of the kindness and hospitality of every one I became acquainted with in Sweden you have already heard me speak, and no doubt you remember my mentioning an English family; but I never told you how indelibly they were impressed on my memory by after events. Our meeting, too, was strange. One night, going late to the opera—in truth it was not much, and I went only to see the ballet, in which two English figurantes appeared—I was thrust into a box in which I found an elderly gentleman nodding in one corner, and two pretty fresh-looking girls occupying the front. I seated myself in the unoccupied corner, and followed as I was able the play. I don't remember much of it; but I soon found the place unbearably hot; and seeing the ladies vigorously fanning themselves, I ventured to ask, in my best French (for I was afraid to attempt Swedish), if they would like the door opened.

"You answer him, Lucy," said one; "you speak Swedish better than I can."

That was quite sufficient introduction for me then; and when the curtain fell we were acquaintances of long standing; and the father being awake, I was introduced to him. I assisted at the cloakings, &c., preparatory to getting into the sleigh, and learnt that they lived within a few miles of Stockholm, where they had been staying for a few days; and I accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days, soon, at their house. They started, and I walked off to my hotel. In the supper-room I again met the father, and found he was staying in the same house with me. We supped together, and the day for my visit was fixed.

I drove out. If you have ever driven in a sleigh you can understand how exhilarating was the clear bright air and the tinkling sleigh-bells, as we trotted along over the crisp snow, by the soft white lakes and downy fir-trees, with their ostrich plumes stretching out over you. If you have not seen the like, I cannot attempt to describe it. I had a hearty welcome; the veriest misanthrope would have warmed to it. It was late when I arrived, and we soon sat down to dinner. I found the ladies had never learned to skate, but were burning to emulate their Swedish sisters. The next morning was devoted to skating lessons, for I had been in Canada, and had of course learnt there.

In the evening we sat round the wood fire, and mama told a ghost story and I told some more, until at last it required more courage than the young ladies could muster to go into the dark landing and light the bedroom candles, as they were accustomed to do, after saying good-night.

The next day was windy, and we spent the morning in the old billiard-room, a low, queer-shaped, oddly-lighted room. We walked out after lunch, and on returning I noticed a date cut on the stone lintel of the front door—1753, I think, three years more than a century since the house was built. When I was alone with the father, after dinner, I asked about it. When he took the house it had been uninhabited for many years; and, though in a good situation in every way, both it and the grounds round it had a bad name. There was nothing definite—some old ghost story—and he got it cheap. There was some trouble about servants, certainly; they would not sleep in the house; but that was got over by their all sleeping on a small farm he had bought near.

Among other stories told that evening I repeated one of Edgar Poe's—"The Startling Effects of Mesmerism on a Dying Man." None of them had ever heard it before, and even the father seemed interested. There was a silence of many seconds when I concluded, and then a rush of conversation on kindred topics.

"Do you know, my dears, that we are all living in a haunted house? or, rather, the house itself is not haunted, though the grounds are."

A little murmur of surprise, and each sat closer to the other.

"I dare say, my dears, you have heard your father say how very cheaply we have bought this property. No! Well, at any rate, it is on that account. He learnt that many years ago—you remember the date over the door—an old gentleman came and settled here with two sons. They seem to have lived a quiet solitary life. The old man died. The eldest son, then of an age to shift for himself, realised his much money as he could, and disappeared. The old people about here will



still talk of his wild daring and mad frolics. The other seems to have carefully tended the property and married happily enough. I suspect the orangery and the little pier into the lake are his building; and perhaps we owe the long shady avenue up to the house to his or his wife's taste, and no doubt the old summer-house overlooking the lake was as favorite a seat of hers as it is with us.

"One wild evening the brother returned, and was heartily welcomed home. Their life would hardly seem to have been as quiet and happy as before; and yet his younger brother's sweet, homely little wife would appear unwittingly to have gained too much of his admiration. One evening, apparently, the two men were in the billiard-room alone, when high words, soon followed by the deep, short accents of hate, arose, and then a few quick blows and the sullen noise of fierce struggle. I can imagine the wife, with clasped hands, standing trembling at the foot of the winding stone stairs. The door above opened, and her husband, with pallid face, staggered down almost into her arms. 'Hide, Hilda, hide! or it will be worse for you than me!'

"Scared more by the wild terror in his face and eye than by his words, she fled to her room, hearing the front door blown violently to by the wind. But her womanly, wifely instinct soon roused her, and while preparing to follow her husband she heard a heavy measured tread above her. Listening, she heard her brother-in-law go to his room, come down and go out. Follow him she must and did. Guided by the lantern he carried, with whose aid the footsteps in the snow were easily traced, she followed him round to the plantation behind the orangery. Here, with an oath, the light was dashed to the ground. Faint, and nipped to the marrow by the cruel cold, she sprang forward, until the report of a pistol rang through the night air, and with a wild, loving cry she fell to the earth, while the birds from the heronry, close by, scared from their nests, wheeled round and round, uttering hoarse, querulous cries.

"She came to herself again when all was silent, and struggled home, with a sensation as of a hand of ice on her heart. Not a soul was in the house. But at length her brother-in-law entered, flushed with labor and stained with earth. One glance assured him that she knew or divined all. And with what cruel, hungry eye he must have looked at the only witness! Report says that she was locked into the farthest room on the second floor, and that there she died—faint whispers add of starvation. It is said by the old people here that the younger brother was never seen after the evening of the 26th of January, and that you know is a day on which they say a light is always seen behind the orangery."

The father here chimed in, and declared that a short time after his arrival he was being driven home very late at night over the lake. As they came near the little bay, above which the house stands, they saw a bright light among the trees. The driver refused positively to go on, and then, turning towards land, made a long detour through the woods, reaching the house with the greatest reluctance, and, refusing all offer of schnaps or more substantial refreshment, drove off immediately he could. It was so odd that he entered it in his farm diary. Of course he had to fetch the book. We found it happened on the 26th of January. And while doing so we all remembered that we had again arrived at the anniversary of that day. I think we each saw that the others remembered too, but I, perhaps hardly believing so implicitly the tale we had just heard, was the first to mention it. As it was only ten minutes to twelve then, I proposed to wait till midnight, and meanwhile lit the bedroom candles that had been brought in early from the hall. Twelve o'clock, and no light, for mama and I looked out. Papa said he was too comfortable to move for anything but bed. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter, half-past, but no light, so we went to bed and slept soundly, though mine was the room at the end of the second floor.

It could not have been long before I was aroused by a tapping at the door, and I recognised my hostess's voice.

"Look out of the window," she said, "towards the orangery; the light is there as we have always heard it described. I thought you would not believe us unless you saw it for yourself," she added, half apologetically.

I looked, and saw in the direction she mentioned a clear, round light, seemingly as bright and vivid as a powerful reading lamp. It appeared to be only a foot or two above the ground, and always remained near the same spot, rose and sank, gently swaying about, quite unaffected by the brisk breeze still blowing.

I dressed hurriedly, with a strong sense of excited curiosity, and yet quite on the *qui vive* for a practical joke or other imposition. Leaving my room, I announced to Mrs. Clayton my intention of going up to the light. She did her utmost to dissuade me; but I wrapped up well and sallied out, with only a stout walking-stick in my hand. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and the trees, all dark and sombre, were stripped of their snowy plumage. Across the sky fitted wild dishevelled clouds, from behind which the moon uncertainly shone out. Passing the angle of the house, I saw the clear, full, powerful light in its old place, a long way ahead. Slowly crossing the open ground behind the orangery, I endeavored to concentrate my mind on the effort it had to make (for the wild night had swept away all ideas of practical joking), but the story I had just heard came vividly upon my mind. I believed it. I imagined how he, how she had crossed this open plot once before, and as I did so I felt that sense of a presence near me that made my temples throb. I shall ever believe that I saw the shadowy outline of a crouching female form near me, passing with abrupt and unequal steps towards the plantation. Suddenly stretching forth its arms it sank forward, disappearing as does a snow-wreath when blown away, and the light ahead surged upward red and angry.

You know my theory on so-called supernatural appearances. Recalling them to my mind, buckling on as it were a mental armor, I approached and entered the dark belt of trees, all my attention being given to the light, which now seemed to rise higher than ever, diffusing itself as it did so into a luminous vapor that seemed drifting slowly towards me. I still advanced, though as it neared me a searching chill reached the very marrow of my bones, while my temples throbbed feverishly. The dim vapor surging round and round, still spreading more and more, seemed to assume the misty outline of a human form, while from the thicker mist, at its summit, I thought, glared on me two eyes—two eyes so cruel and malevolent, so full of hate and deadly purpose, that my very reason told me that here was a living agency, most cruel and murderous, certainly, powerful no doubt, against which as strenuous a resistance was necessary as though it were in flesh and blood. One faltering retrograde step I felt would be my last. To become a living resistance, to oppose this deadly hate, was my only course. Hardly had these thoughts clearly formed themselves in my brain when the faint outline of the figure before me lost its clearness, and the misty cloud surged round, drifting yet nearer down upon me. It surrounded me; I was enveloped in its hazy folds, and the cruel eyes appeared at times close to mine, and then again far off.

A clearer patch, where some young trees were growing further on in the wood, appeared to me now like a haven of safety, as the moonlight fitfully streamed down upon it. Towards it I turned. As though my thoughts of escape were divined, the form again assumed its distinctness and barred my passage. With my knees trembling and pulse leaping wildly, I stepped out in its direction. As I approached the dim form I experienced a soft but firm opposition to my progress. Astounded by this new proof of living power, my knees knocked together, and involuntarily I stretched forth my hands. They seemed taken in a cold, firm grasp, and the stick was slowly wrenched from my hand. With all my physical strength failing, I still pressed on, conscious of being as yet master of my own will. And then those cruel eyes, sinking down to a level with mine, floated close up to me, and I felt a soft cold touch upon my throat that momentarily seemed to tighten. With one wild effort I cried, "This is not fear; the body quivers, but my mind is firm!" The grasp lightened on my throat, and the air became clear about me. And with my knees knocking together, I staggered forward into the clear moonlight, and sank for a time exhausted on the snow.

I do not think I could have lain there long before I recovered and went towards the house. The mental struggle over, the breezy night seemed fresh and pleasant to my fevered head; and when I met my anxious host and his wife I was able to tell them, with a tolerable assumption of calmness, that I had certainly seen something strange, but nothing that need alarm them; and evading their curious questions, I returned soon to my room. I found the next morning that such a visible corroboration of their mother's story as the light gave, and which most of them had seen, had rather alarmed the younger, and very much astonished the elder part of the family. My account of it, therefore, was looked for with a great deal of interest. It must have been an unsatisfactory one, for, divested of my own sensations, and so I treated it as far as possible, there was little or nothing to tell; indeed the crouching phantom of the woman seemed to them the most terrible part of the affair.

In clear daylight I visited the ground again, following my nearly-obliterated steps in the snow. I found that the clear patch of moonlight in the middle of the fir trees, that I had so anxiously struggled towards, was but a little space, on which grew a few young birch trees. Mr. Clayton mentioned that wherever there was a clear space in the pine forest birch trees sprang up, and in a birch wood pine trees always shot up. The bare arms of the young trees had allowed the blessed moonlight to stream down, and form, as it had done for me, such a haven of rest. I remembered that it must have been on the hither side of this space that I first saw the light, and there, too, was a large space of clear snow. Placing myself on it, I experienced a slight tremor of the sensations I had experienced on the past night. You have heard me say, perhaps, that I believe no mortal will, however powerful and inexorable, can exert itself at a distance without some tangible material object that may serve it (I hardly know how to explain my idea) as a starting point, as a fulcrum for its lever. I scrutinised everything around me closely, but could find no sign, though my own sensations told me I was not mistaken. I explained more fully to Mr. C. my ideas on the subject, and asked leave to lay bare, and, if I thought necessary, to dig the ground I was standing on. He had no objection whatever. The farm-servant who brought down the tools in the afternoon hardly seemed to like the job; but I set the example, and he soon followed it. After some pretty severe labor, we got through the frozen crust into the soft earth, and then the man got out of the hole, and declared he could not—he didn't know why—work any longer; and as I stepped down into his place, and felt a chill sensation of fear creep over me, I did not wonder. A few hearty blows at the soil dispelled the feeling, and I presently turned up a scrap of leather that had evidently formed part of a shoe or boot. My host, who I imagine had looked on in astonishment at my proceedings, and rather permitted than joined in them, now himself became interested. Other and stranger things soon were brought to light, and before long we were all three working hard in the rapidly-increasing hole. In less than an hour we exposed the remains of a perfect human skeleton; and on clearing away the stringy fibres of roots that had interlaced themselves over it, we found a bullet still jammed under one of the little projections of the backbone. As we lifted the skeleton out

piecemeal, buttons and buckles were found under it, proving too clearly its hurried burial. And alongside it, still close by the bony arm, was the broken butt of a cue, of hard, heavy wood, in which the lozenge-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl with which it was ornamented still kept their places.

You can understand now, my friend, the train of thought that led me to enter, as I did, that man's room last night.

I proposed to Mr. Clayton to report the finding of the skeleton, bearing such marks as it did of a violent death, to the police authorities; but the expense and trouble this might have entailed no doubt prevented its being done. At any rate, the remains were re-interred in the same spot, and their position was simply marked by a wooden cross. I left the country very soon after, but kept up for some time a correspondence with the family; and I distinctly remember being told on two or three different occasions of the re-appearance of the mysterious light, and always about the same date. And indeed so convinced am I of the connection between your late patient and it, that though I have heard nothing for years of or from the Claytons, I will write to their house, on the chance of some of the family being still there; and we may, perchance, thus hear something that bears upon the subject.

About a month after my return to town I forwarded to Goodenough the following letter that I received from them:

Riddersvie, March 5th, 1864.

"Not that I can compliment you on your letter being a very polite one, as you hardly ask at all after your old friends, and only seem to want to know about that disagreeable light that every year frightens the stupid servants out of the house. I've no patience with them! But as you really seem anxious to learn about it, I don't mind telling you. It always came so regularly towards the end of January that we all got quite accustomed to it, though even to this day we sometimes talk of how you frightened us all about it; and when you dug up that skeleton too! Well, well, but things are very much changed since you were with us, and since my dear husband's gone. The girls are all married except Lucy, and she is going to be. My dear Mr. Tracey, there is nothing but Swedish spoken in the house: it is all 'min fru' and 'var sa god.' I can hardly make any one understand me. As for Lucy, she is as bad as any of them; and I don't approve of girls talking before their mothers in a foreign language to young men. As for that 'Edouard von Krustensjerdia,' though I like him very well, he is always about the house now, and in spite of his 'von' I don't like his spectacles: I believe he sleeps in them, though Lucy says he assures her he does not. At any rate he is very clever, and meekness people, and all that; and hearing of this light, wanted to find out all about it. So he was staying here the month before last; and the way he and Lucy used to walk out in the evenings to 'find out about the light' was scandalous. 'Drat the light!' said I. And pretty frightened he was too when he did see it; for you must know that one evening we were sitting round the fire after tea, the old cat sleeping there as comfortably as possible, never minding a word of the Swedish, Lucy and von Edouard were chattering to each other (for though I didn't understand it a bit better than she did yet it kept me awake), and while staring out by the corner of the window-blind I saw the light in its old place, over the cross in the wood. As soon as I was sure of it I told him, and after looking for a few minutes he went out. Lucy wanted to go too; but I made the silly girl stay by me, or she would have caught her death of cold. As you seem very particular about the dates, I remembered this happened the day before we drove into Stockholm, intending to sleep there, and see the processions of students and so forth, on the next day, the old king's birthday, which is the 28th of January, as you may remember. So what I am telling you must have happened on the 26th.

Well, presently 'von Edouard' came back, looking rather pale, and said that as he was going across the open part on this side of the wood, he saw the light; but presently, as he got nearer, it seemed to flicker and wave about, and then rising quickly up, it went out suddenly, drifting down the wind like a puff of smoke. That may be or not. To be sure I could not see the light when I looked out again, nor to tell the truth, have I seen it since; but all the same, I believe he was afraid to go up to it.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

The Marchioness demonstrated to Dick Swiveller how, by chipping orange peel into a glass of water, and making believe very hard, you could almost think you were drinking punch. In the same way we have been making a pretence of enjoying spring weather, by going out into the mud, opening the lappels of our coats a very little way, running back to the fire, and exclaiming with ardor, "Why, this is almost like spring!" The thermometer has certainly been clambering down its pole a bit, merely out of sympathy with gold; but they are only recovering breath down there, the one and the other, for more amazing acrobatics at the masthead, and the spring wardrobe is still as out of the question as the money to buy it with.

Anticipating the musical groves of May, the songsters of the opera-house and concert-hall have been piping in full choir in the dawn that arises as they turn on the footlights. The new opera by Verdi, "La Forza del Destino," has taken its impregnable position as a "rage." It crams the house with its rich sensational effects, its rapid and positive movement, and Signora Carozzi-Zucchi. It is made to please a New York audience. It is a potpie of every sort of titbit, where those who despise a wing may get a drumstick, and those who care little for a heart may march off with a merry thought, as the pie begins to bake and the birds begin to sing.

Singular enough, between two representations of this sombre old Spanish story, seemed the thrilling melodies and simple plot of village love and jealousy in the "Sonambula," played on Wednesday. It was a linnet in the pauses of the storm. How delicately, and with what sensitive tact, Miss Kellogg manipulated the rôle of Amina. Nobody ever carried off the defect of vocal power with a more sprightly effervescence of well-imagined and brightly colored acting. The two prime-dones—neither of them "first prime," as we freely admit—are yet so admirably typical of their respective nationalities, that any man of catholic taste may enjoy a study of each in succession. There stands the superb Italian, with her eyes, and her hair, and her passionately beating blood—a type. And here sits Marguerite, at her spinning, musing and warbling, with her refined American face, her chin, her flexible eyebrow, and

a meaning in every posture of her slender hand. We, our own self, are right proud of the beautiful little ballad-girl we have got at home, while we can also enjoy well enough on the alternate nights, the frank objective passion and organ volume of the Southern cantatrice.

But a terribly arched and aquiline critic has been saying that Kellogg acts unsympathetically. It has set us to thinking a bit. So if you will kindly step over to the next paragraph, we will have out our thinking comfortably to ourselves without the disturbance of your assistance. Is the American character truly going off into intellect alone, or why has this cry been so constantly raised over the effects of national genius in these soon to be United States? Hawthorne's mind misgave him of a mea r-ness, but obstetted heaven to forbid that he should call it scrawiness, in the countrywomen that arose before his memory while he sat among the ponderous dowagers of England. Has somewhat of this national leanness actually overtaken the national muse?

As we recall a few American names of glorious fame, a haunting sense of this very criticism creeps along with the catalogue, "kinder pickin' at us" all the time. Powers carves exquisitely, but leaves a chill. Crawford, too, but something is wanting, and no foreign prince will ever climb the mountain of the capitol to woo his scrawping America. Hawthorne, our greatest poet, leaves the reader shuddering in his very marrow. The same "couth" pervades the band of Boston writers, headed by Holmes, with his infernal Lania. Church gitters, but cannot get thoroughly warm in the very Heart of the Andes. It is in this particular quality that Bierstadt, a foreigner, evidently excels him. Booth's exquisite face can represent every feeling but tenderness—he can do all but love. Gottschalk's hand is a marvel of intricate manipulation. As our very best artists, in their several departments, challenge our admiration at their triumphs in every direction, we'll be hanged if we do not suspect that confounded thinness, that heaven has forbidden us yet to be scrawiness, gnawing everything hinting of the skeleton, and lambling passion to the breeze. And so an exquisitely pretty American, a lady in every pose and gesture, cannot come out; the footlights and fan us with her sweet cool breath, but the critics clamor for feeling, and the boys, who will have animal spirits at any price, go off in troops to pour themselves at the feet of the passionate child of Italy, with the fine teeth, and the brain that you could shut in your portemonnaie.

But it is Lent, and we do not go to the opera. Or at least, if we do, we do not have our hair dressed, but wear bonnets, so that we can almost feel as if we were in church. And here are the first shad! Wonderfully delicate of nature! As the venison steak, the juicy sirloin go sadly away from our feasts of mortification, here come our deliverers crusading in full career, their silver armor flashing up the Hudson as they fly. It is these polite attentive offices on the part of Providence that reconcile the religious gourmand to his ascetic renunciations, and the Parthian stings of the retiring beef and southdown are soothed as the curdled flakes of the first of the season part beneath his fork.

But we were not so verdant as to give up to the inconveniences of religion without a manful struggle. We got two balls in the beginning of the week, and ourself gallantly attended them both. Yes, we were there. That at the Academy, exquisitely toned into the solemnity of the season by the appellation of "Charity," was, in fact, one of the most recherché and exclusive affairs of the winter. We hardly ever saw anything brighter or richer than the procession of patrons who moved in order around the parquet about the middle of the evening. We suppose it was the glow of virtue that made them look so bright. We said as much to the cranky Terpsichorean friend who reposed for a moment at our side in a box. Yes, he told us it was the Tears of the Orphan that the ladies had been wiping away, and were now upon their bosoms. Then we tried something else. We saw a little girl, upon whose head was a mass of pastry, got up with rice powder and cream, rather disgustingly mixed with human and animal hair; it made us think of the lodger who asked for his pudding and hairs on separate plates, and we said, noticing some suspiciously large peas in the mass, "that we supposed she meant to represent a whole oyster pie." "Oh, no," said the cranky one, swiftly, "nothing but the upper crust." We fled from his society after that, and saw no more of him until three o'clock, when he passed us in a dais, covered with bits of tulle from different ladies' dresses, and a little better for sobriety. We are not disparaging the ball, which was one of the pleasantest we ever attended, the music especially being of a much higher order than usual on such occasions.

We were also, with the privileged ubiquity of our kind, present for a half hour with the Turnverein, who had a gay masquerade carnival the same night at the City Assembly Rooms. There was plenty of music, feasting and fun, and the witty Trutons, who are teaching us all how to play, got up some of the most humorous imaginable masks, only spoiled by certain rather personal caricatures upon our worthy President, which grated upon the tastes of a portion of the guests.

Madlle. de Katow, the fair Russian, who plays the violinello, has been with us during the week. We were curious to find out what a virtuoso on that instrument might be, and devoted two evenings to the investigation. We are as much in the dark as ever, but are sure it is something very nice. The lady plays with great agility, and evokes strains of surprising sweetness from her lumbering implement. Well, who assists her, is an excellent pianist, his finger being remarkably firm and brilliant, and his left-hand manipulation perhaps equal to anything we have had in this country.

Mrs. Lander, *sic* Davenport, has been enrapturing her countless friends by a return to two parts which she has made completely her own. We refer to "Camille," and Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing." The latter character she sustained with the most exquisitely brilliant, delicate and loveliness, on two occasions during the week—once for the benefit of Shakspeare, and once for that of herself. We are always happy to herald a return to the legitimate drama, and on this account are willing to lug out from its reserve our own private and personal opinion, that Mrs. Lander is the only artist capable of the part of Beatrice now before the American public.

Barnum is still cramming his tasteful Lecture Room with the great crowds who flock to see that thou and dollar drama by Miss Laura Keane, styled the "Workmen of New York." It is a faultlessly moral play, in the style of Hogarth's "Apprentices"; virtue gets miraculously rewarded by going through a mill and coming out in excellent health, and vice reforms and gets rewarded too. So everybody is satisfied. The scenic and Japanese figures are as interesting as ever. The genial polyglot giant Goshan, we see, is about to depart, and his admirers are hurrying up for a last sight of his handsome face.

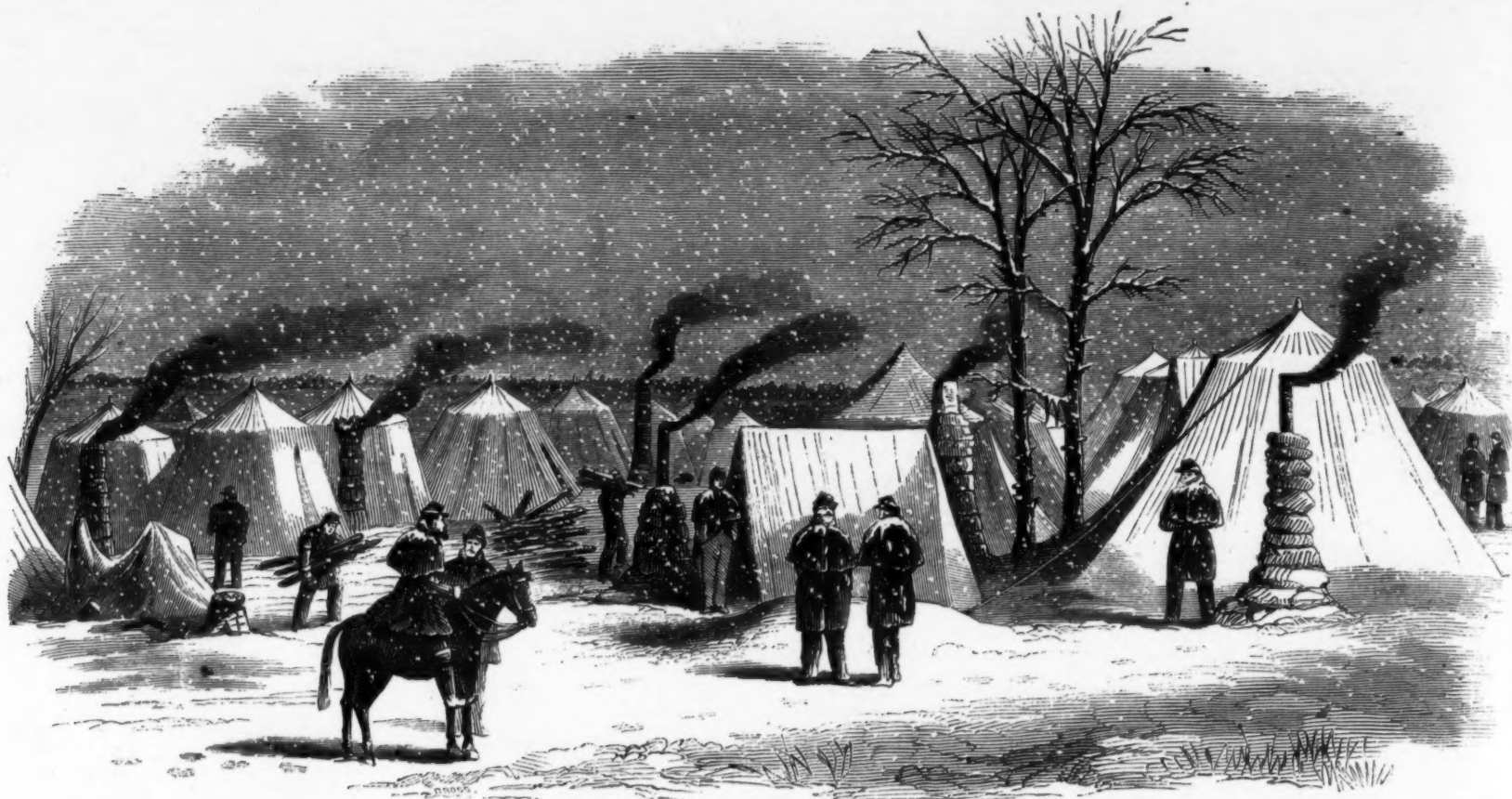
The Great Moral Exhibition is also about to close. The great moral elephant, Hannibal, is going to work off his spring fever in some private locality. The great moral giraffe will browse from some other ceiling; the great moral monkey goes through his moral tricks, for the improvement of a different class of youngsters, and the great moral dromedary's pass off in the caravan to a lonelier oasis. The hejira will be a vast loss to our juvenile naturalists.

In our courts, the most striking Jarndyce and Jarndyce case ever litigated in America has drawn towards its close. We refer to the Will case of Edwin P. Christie, which Surrogate Tucker has been meshing and unmeshing—a legal Penelope—for two whole years, until now the evidence is closed, and the case rested by both sides. Those who are fond of examining testimony can here exercise themselves upon three thick printed volumes, of great interest, no doubt, to somebody. The arguments from the counsel were heard on last Friday and Saturday.

The singular and gorgeous ritual of the Greek church had its first exposition in America on Thursday, the birthday of the Russian Emperor, a complete service being performed, with prayers for the family of Alexander II. The ceremonial took place in Trinity Chapel, a visiting priest of the Orthodox Oriental church, now in the city, officiating. The service was a mixture of Slavonic and English, and attracted a large crowd.

As we write these closing words the vast procession in honor of the re-inauguration is coiling through the crowd, shining in the brilliant weather like one immense constrictor. But as everybody in the city is palpably out to see, we cannot discern the least use of adding the testimony of our more gossipy eyes, and generously forbear.





ARMY OF THE JAMES—WINTER CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

**WROUGHT IRON SHIELD FOR THE CRONSTADT FORTIFICATIONS.**

The present war has given a wonderful impetus to all discussions respecting artillery practice and the means of resisting bombardments. The recent brilliant achievements of our navy, under Farragut and Porter, have more than ever called the attention of European Governments to this most important branch of warfare. Our successes during the last two years have entirely overturned all their previous calculations, and the London papers are constantly giving the results of the most costly experiments made by the British Government testing the efficacy of defensive armor. The same experiments are being carried on in the French dockyards, but the profoundest silence is observed as to the results. Judging from the failure of all their great armor ships, it would not appear they have been more successful than their neighbors across the Channel.

The Russian Government has evidently come to the conclusion that the walls of Cronstadt will not be so secure in the event of another war as they were when Admiral Napier told his Jack Tars to sharpen their cutlasses. It has therefore had several defensive iron works constructed in London; one of these we present to our readers in this number, as the one esteemed the best by the most eminent engineers of Europe. There is no question that before many years have elapsed we shall have portable fortifications constructed on the same plan.

**COURT-HOUSE, SMITHVILLE, N. C.**

SMITHVILLE, one of the oldest and most dilapidated villages in the South, is situated on the Cape Fear river, about two miles from the Atlantic. It has a population of about 600 persons, most of whom are en-

the floors, some of them very old, dating as far back as the early Revolutionary times.

**HOW TO PREVENT A DIVORCE.**—When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut,

pleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The Governor sat a few moments in deep thought, then turning to Squire W., said: "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?" Squire W.

replied: "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." The Governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the Governor, and grasping his hand, said: "I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days go and do likewise.

AMONG the numerous purposes to which photography has been applied, may now be included that of, so to speak, surveying, or mapping a country. Taking advantage of the physical conformation of the country around Grenoble, France, which is extremely mountainous, Capt. Javary has succeeded in making an admirable photographic survey of Grenoble and its environs. Eighteen different stations, at various elevations, were selected, and the result is, a map in which all the outward physical features of the country are represented with microscopical minuteness.

NAME me, and you destroy me?—Silence.



COURT-HOUSE AT SMITHVILLE, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

gaged in fishing. The Court-House will give our readers an idea of its general appearance. One of the apartments in the building was used as a shoe store, the rest being devoted to the Court offices. When our Artist visited it piles of public documents were strewn over

a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum; and the Governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, "I have called upon a very un-

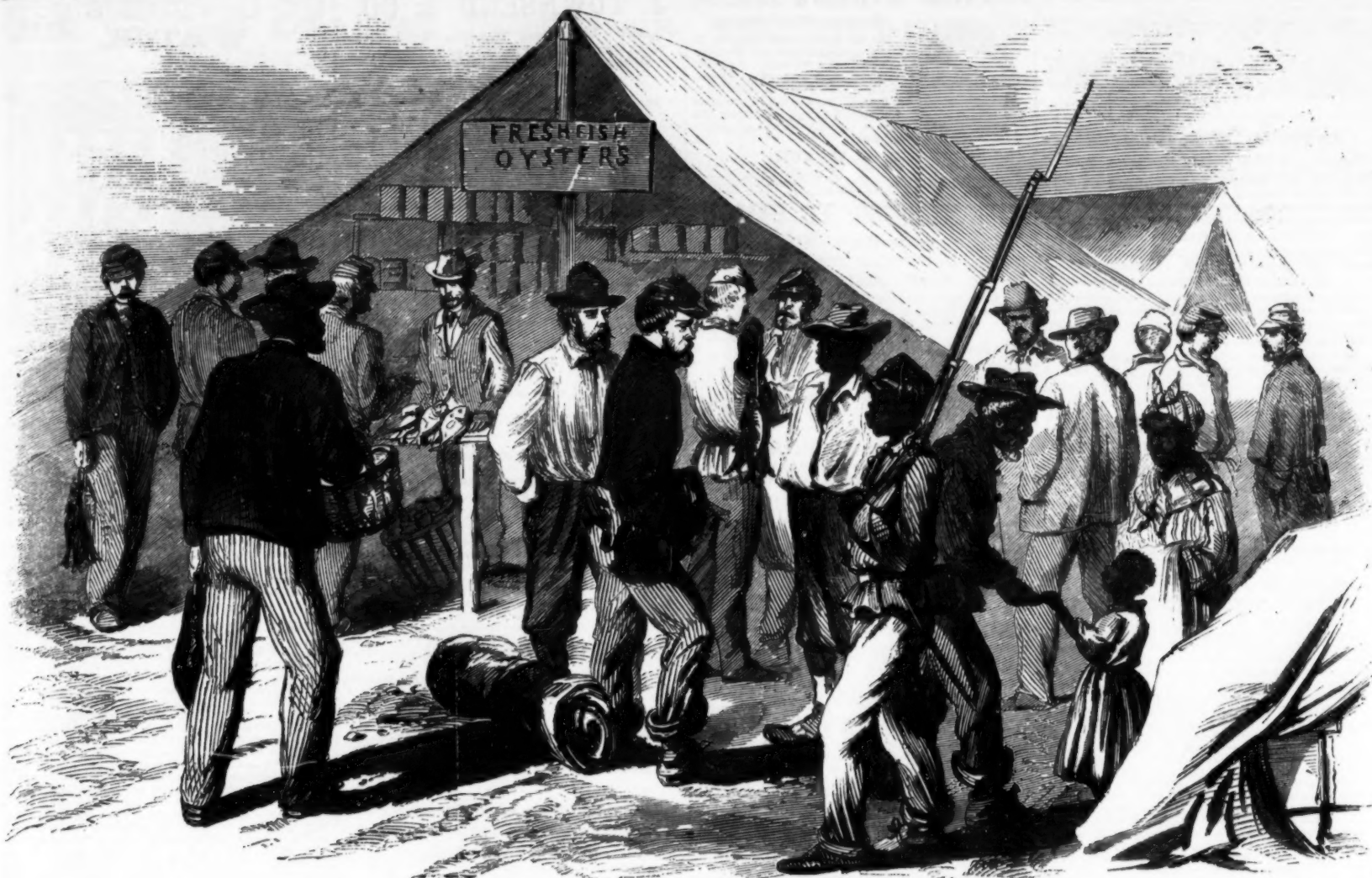


ARMY OF THE JAMES—HAULING CLAY TO BUILD WINTER HUTS.



ARMY OF THE JAMES—SPLITTING SHINGLES TO THATCH WINTER HUTS.





FISH MARKET AT CITY POINT, JAMES RIVER, VA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

# CAMP SCENES.

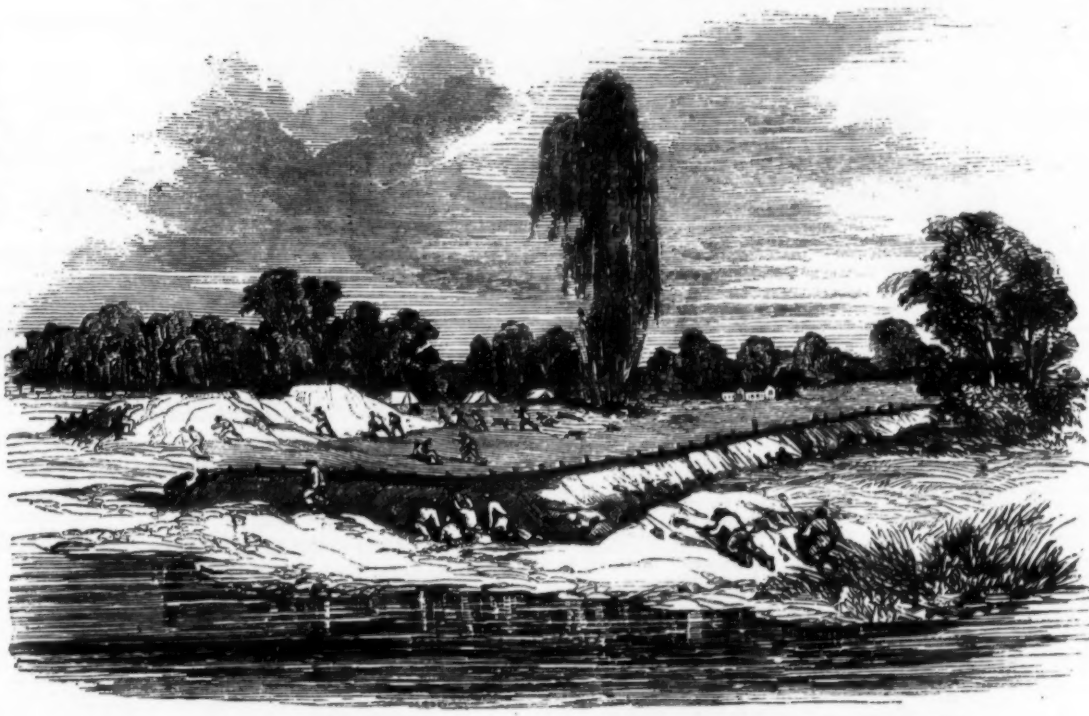
## Army of the James.

THERE is a certain charm in all adventure, which frequently hides the danger; otherwise, how account for that disregard of comfort which makes sailors and soldiers of our citizens? Our Artist has sent us some sketches representing a camp in a snowstorm, and a very cheerless thing we should think it were we obliged to pitch our tent in the open air.

Our Artist writes: "You would hardly believe the alacrity with which our brave boys, most of whom have been accustomed to all the luxuries of a city life, go to work and pile the clay into their trucks to build the lower part of their winter huts. I have sent also a sketch representing them at work making the shingles for the roof. It is amusing to see with what an air of satisfaction they look around them when their work is completed, and they sit down to take their first smoke in their new habitation. Truly, every man is a Robinson Crusoe to a certain extent."

## Fish Market, City Point.

War has its comedy as well as its tragedy, and few scenes are more comic than those daily seen at the fish market on City Point. There is not much variety, to be sure, for the article is almost invariably codfish, but it is fresh, being generally pulled out that morning from the James river. It is very amusing to hear the bargainings between the seller and the buyer. Sometimes it does not take the most placid turn, and many an angry discussion is heard between the exorbitant owner and the would-be purchaser. Our Artist has given a very life-like sketch of this modern Billingsgate.



REBEL WORKS ON CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Fear defences more injury was done by the bursting of our own guns than was inflicted by those of the enemy.

THE ROPE-TYING FEAT.—The following description of the way in which the rope-tying feat is performed may interest some of our readers: The rope

does not matter where, so that they cannot be reached by the mouth. The operator then thrusts his hands into the loops, extends his legs an inch or two, the knot is drawn tight, the lights are called for, and he is found, not only apparently, but really, tightly bound. Extinguish the lights, and in the twinkling of an eye the legs are relaxed, the loops are slackened, the hands withdrawn, and the operator is free to wave guitars, to play tambourines, to take off his coat, to touch anybody he can reach, to strike objectionable committees-men sharply on the head, and, in fact, to do anything that the spiritual agency or the new physical force is supposed to do for him.

THE following anecdote of Count Fourtals, whose gallery occupies so much attention at this moment, gives one a charming idea of the man himself—therefore I repeat it: The count's attention was attracted to the works of a young artist, exhibited for the first time at the *salon*, the name was then unknown, and it was with some difficulty the count procured his address. He wrote to request the young artist to bring one of the pictures exhibited to his house, which request was at once acceded to. "I should like to add your picture to my collection, sir," said the count; "may I venture to inquire its price?" "Two thousand francs,"

# UNION GUNBOATS

## Shelling the Rebel Lines on Cape Fear River.

OUR readers will perceive that there has seldom been a campaign in which the two arms of the service have been so equally and gloriously employed as in the recent one against Wilmington and its defences. Indeed, it is only justice to both branches to say that neither could have achieved success without the other. Our sketch represents the Union gunboats shelling the rebel works, which were made to prevent the advance of our troops against Wilmington. It is somewhat remarkable that, as our gunboats are generally in direct range of the enemy's guns, so few casualties occur. Indeed, in the late attack on the Cape



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"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

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It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery style, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch;" others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.," others the "P. S. Bartlett," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

We also caution the public, and particularly soldiers, against buying certain articles called watches so freely advertised in illustrated papers as "Army Watches," "Officers' Watches," "Magic Time Observers," "Arcana Watches," &c., the prices of which are stated to be from \$7 to \$16. A good watch in these times cannot be afforded for any such money.

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